

BACONIANA

FEBRUARY, 1929.

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The Bacon Society

(INCORPORATED).

CANONBURY TOWER, CANONBURY SQUARE, LONDON,
N.1.

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1. To encourage the study of the works of Francis Bacon as philosopher, lawyer, statesman and poet; also his character, genius and life; his influence on his own and succeeding times, and the tendencies and results of his writings.
2. To encourage the general study of the evidence in favour of his authorship of the plays commonly ascribed to Shakspeare, and to investigate his connection with other works of the period.

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For further particulars apply to Mr. Henry Seymour, Hon. Sec. of the Bacon Society, Canonbury Tower, N.1

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Officers of the Society: The President, The Hon. Sir John A. Cockburn, K. C. M. G., M. D.; Vice-Presidents, Lady Sydenham, Princess Karadja, Miss Alicia A. Leith, Mr. Parker Woodward and Mr. Harold Bayley. Chairman of Council, Mr. Horace Nickson; Vice-Chairman, Mr. W. G. C. Gundry; Hon. Treasurer, Miss Marion Plarr, 7, Laurel Road, Wimbledon, S.W.; Auditor, Mr. G. L. Emmerson, A. C. I. S., F. L. A. A.

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BACONIANA

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It should be understood that "Baconiana" is a medium for the discussion of subjects connected with the Objects of the Bacon Society, but that the Society does not necessarily accept responsibility for opinions expressed by its contributors.

THE BACON SOCIETY'S ANNUAL DINNER.

AN impressive tribute to the memory of Francis Bacon was paid by members and friends of the Bacon Society at the dinner given at Stewart's Restaurant, Piccadilly, on January 22nd, to celebrate the birthday anniversary. In the absence of the President, Sir John A. Cockburn, K.C.M.G., M.D., through serious illness, Sir Edward Boyle, Bart., occupied the chair, and at the outset proposed a resolution of sympathy with Sir John, which was unanimously approved. After the company had stood in silence and drank the toast to Francis Bacon, Sir Edward said he would like to pay a personal tribute to his friend, the late Sir George Greenwood, who had done more than anyone else to expose the empty claims of those who continued to believe that the Stratford Shakspeare was the writer of the great plays. He said that nobody could reasonably have the excuse to-day of not realising that there was a Shakespeare problem—a problem which arose from the fact that the plays were

attributed to a man about whom little was known, who had no reputation, either as a man of letters or as a dramatist, whose death (as far as he knew) passed absolutely without notice; no manuscript of his (as far as he knew) ever existed. He went on to say that the older he grew, the more he became convinced that the greatest tragedy from which Bacon had suffered was the fact that he was known to the public, so far as he was known at all, by the essay of Lord Macaulay. Public morality was lower at the beginning of the 17th century than at any time before. Never were goodness and badness, wisdom and folly, courage and cowardice more inextricably intermingled in the same personalities as at that time, and it was no coincidence that the writer of the Shakespeare plays—it was characteristic, he thought—put into the mouths of men who were by profession fools, some of the wisest and most beautiful of his sayings. Bacon was of his age, but he was also apart from and above his age. It was an age of intolerance, self-seeking, hypocrisy, narrowmindedness; and yet, at that time, they found Bacon writing a sentence which, in his (the speaker's) opinion, was almost the finest thing that had ever been said in the English language: "The nobler the soul is, the more objects of compassion it hath." But, when all was said and done, he supposed their supreme debt to Bacon consisted in the fact that he gave them the finest scientific approach to knowledge. He would remain for all time the example, the pattern, the prototype of the enthusiast for knowledge; the man who believed that knowledge was not merely a means to an end; the man who remained the greatest servant of humanity who had ever come from these islands.

The toast of "The Bacon Society" was given by Mr. Henry Seymour, who said that the greatest obstacle, in the public mind, to the acceptance of the theory that Bacon wrote (in a despised weed) the plays and poems labelled "Shakespeare" was the fiction that Bacon had been a judge who had been tried, found guilty, and sentenced (upon his own confession) for accepting bribes to pervert the course of justice. Yet nothing was further

from the truth. Bacon never had a real trial, nor was ever convicted by evidence of taking bribes to pervert justice. He was charged with these things by some dissatisfied suitors in his court against whom Bacon had given judgment, but the charges were never put to proof, nor his accusers cross-examined. The Parliamentary sentence in his absence was undoubtedly "according to plan" and worked up by his political enemies. As to his own confession, this was only as to trivial irregularities mostly by his subordinates, yet not strictly illegal, but customary practice. He quoted Sir Frederick Pollock, whom he described as a great lawyer, and who had written a Preface (which might soon be published) to a book in vindication of Bacon's character and greatness. He also quoted from several of the famous Latin elegies issued after Bacon's death which were written by the most eminent scholars of the universities, who mourned his loss in magnificent language, describing Bacon as the greatest of the *Muses*. They knew Bacon was "Shakespeare," as well as one of the greatest philosophers that has ever lived.

Mr. Howard Bridgewater (Gray's Inn) replied to the toast in a witty speech, and said the real reason why the Bacon authorship of the Shakespeare plays was not universally conceded, as it was by well-informed and educated persons, was because it was too simple a problem for the average person to consider. What might have happened if Bacon had chosen as a "mask" some fairly educated man, one who could read and write and had a smattering of foreign languages! The question might then have been a very difficult one. But Bacon was wise; he chose and then got out of the way a man with a certain reputation on the stage, who apparently never knew how to spell his own name. He recited the circumstances of Will Shakspeare's birth, how he had been forced to marry a woman who was several years his senior in age; how he had helped to overcrowd the little hovel in which his father, John Shakspeare, lived with an already large family, at Stratford; and how the arrival of twins early in the married life of William was doubtless the last

straw on the back of the camel, who as a penniless apprentice living with his father, mother, wife and family, besides six brothers and sisters in one cottage. Could it be wondered at that we soon find him clearing out, and that we next find him holding horses' heads outside a theatre in Finsbury Fields? And but for this circumstance he probably never would have been heard of by the great genius who first used a variant of his name to conceal the authorship of *Venus and Adonis* and later of the immortal plays.

Mr. Horace Nickson, Chairman of the Council, submitted the toast of "The Ladies' Guild of Francis St. Alban," expressing his regret that its active spirit, Miss Alicia A. Leith, had been ordered abroad by her doctor and was therefore unable to be present. In the course of his remarks, he declared his belief that the Bacon Society would never number thousands of members until it went deeper into the life and character of Bacon which would furnish the key to the great mystery. He frankly declared his belief that not only Francis Bacon but Robert Devereaux (second Earl of Essex) were sons of Queen Elizabeth. There was, he said, only one clear way to vindicate Bacon, and that was through the cyphers. They told the plain, unvarnished story with a wealth of detail which nobody could possibly invent, and most of the astounding revelations which were ridiculed as absurd when they were first published have now, by diligent research, been found to be well established. Further work in this direction was called for.

Mrs. Vernon Bayley, in the course of her response on behalf of "the Sister Society," and after expressing her sorrow that Miss Leith was unable to be present to respond to the toast, bewailed the determined and systematic opposition, not to speak of the prevailing ignorance and indifference, and of the concerted hostility of a section of the Press regarding the discussion of the great Bacon-Shakespeare question, and said that it was by the philosophy in the plays that Bacon really came into his own. The Guild for which she was responding was originally formed because the older Bacon Society had been too

conservative and wanted to stifle suggestions of Francis Bacon's royal birth. It was now changed in that respect, thanks to the efforts of a few determined members. The great efforts and sacrifices of Delia Bacon, Mrs. Gallup, Mrs. Henry Pott, and of Miss A. A. Leith were sufficient proof that women could do good work for this great cause in their own way.

Mr. Bertram G. Theobald, B.A., moved the toast "To the Visitors," and said: A point of great importance is that, with the exception of the ten tiny Essays published in 1597, Bacon wrote nothing under his own name until the *Advancement of Learning* in 1605. What was he doing between the ages of 15 and 45? He was compelled to earn a livelihood, and only received limited financial help from the Queen and Burleigh. For many years he was a briefless barrister, and even when a Member of Parliament was scantily occupied with this or similar work. He was known to be deeply interested in literature, and was reproved for dabbling in "toys of invention," i.e. works of the imagination. His magnificent intellect was aided by untiring industry, large ambitions and a consuming desire to benefit his fellow men in every way. He employed a staff of amanuenses and used a system of shorthand. He *must* therefore have been producing a great quantity of writing of some kind. Where is it? On orthodox grounds there is no sufficient explanation. Once admit his immense output of pseudonymous and anonymous literature, and the difficulty disappears. If sceptics urge that one man could not possibly have produced all which is now claimed for him, the answer is that the total amount is not so great as that of Goethe or Dryden, not to mention his contemporary Thomas Heywood or the Spanish dramatist Lopez de Vega.

Mr. W. L. Goldsworthy, of Serjeant's Inn (author of *The Heraldry of Shakespeare*) responded to the toast, as also did Mr. C. W. Hopper, by interesting speeches, which brought the proceedings to a close.

MORE FAMOUS TRIALS.

By HENRY SEYMOUR.

THE above is the title of a book by the Right Hon. the Earl of Birkenhead, P.C., D.L., D.C.L., LL.D., High Steward of Oxford University, Fellow Wadham and Merton Colleges, and Lord Rector of Aberdeen University. With such an array of titular distinctions, the guileless reader may be induced to suppose that the author possesses every possible qualification to do justice to the theme in hand. Were I to describe the volume as a glorified imitation of the famous "Newgate Calendar," the reader might be shocked, but it is little better.

As everyone knows, Lord Birkenhead has lately given up the game of politics for real *business*. As a writer of romance he might easily excel in this field, since he has not only a facile and graceful style, but a lively *imagination*. In the Preface to the book, he tells us quite frankly (which is something to be thankful for) that his object in its publication is "to entertain and not to instruct." So far, so good; but when he says, further, that the series of cases included in his book will in the main be found "historically accurate," I am bound to join issue; for historical accuracy in this particular must conform, not merely to the records of Criminal Court Cases, but to such other and additional evidence as may have been procured subsequently, and by which the justice of such legal verdicts must be historically considered.

The trials set out in the series consist of about twenty, including the cases of Charles Peace, Seddon, Bywaters and Thompson, Madeleine Smith, Charles I., William Cobbett, Francis Bacon, and Mrs. Maybrick.

In these cases, Lord Birkenhead proceeds to review them juridically in the light of the evidence before the Courts, without regard to extraneous or subsequent circumstances. In the two last-mentioned cases, every well-informed person knows that there were circumstances in their connection which not only reflect great discredit on the

way in which the proceedings themselves were conducted, but which constitute a grave menace to the liberty of the subject. Lord Birkenhead, the historian, appears to be blissfully ignorant of these facts. In historical matters, no less than in legal matters, the pretext of ignorance availeth nothing. Moreover, such a plea would be the more inexcusable, inasmuch as none could possibly have had a better opportunity of access to the particulars than he. We are therefore left to conjecture to what other motive the omission is to be assigned.

The Bacon case can scarcely be called a trial at all. Bacon was too ill to appear at the inquiry and the Peers condemned him in his absence on the evidence, which was never cross-examined, of some suitors in his Court *against* whom he had given judgment. This fact alone should tell in Bacon's favour than otherwise; for if he had been shewn guilty of accepting bribes to influence his judgments, and the judgments went against the bribers, then, obviously, judgment was not perverted.

The inside facts reveal that there was more in Bacon's case than meets the eye. The so-called "bribes" were the usual and long-established practice of the time. They were part of the emoluments of the judges, all of whom accepted them. As Spedding says, "Bacon admitted, by way of answer to Interrogatories, that he had more than once received a present from a suitor whose cause was not concluded; that the act could not be defended; that it amounted to corruption and deserved punishment. But he denied that he had ever received such present upon any bargain or contract, or had ever had any bribe or reward in his eye or thought when he pronounced any sentence or order. The Parliamentary sentence he allowed to be both just and for reformation sake fit; but he affirmed at the same time that he had been the justest judge that had sat in Chancery for half-a-century."

The outcry against Buckingham and the King, on account of extortionate burdens, was at this time at its height. The charges against Bacon were the outcome of a political plot. A scapegoat had to be found and Bacon's arch-enemy, Coke, found it to his interest to make Bacon

that scapegoat. In his letter to the King, Bacon wrote, "for the briberies and gifts wherewith I am charged, when the book of hearts shall be opened, I hope I shall not be found to have the troubled fountain of a corrupt heart, in a depraved habit of taking rewards to pervert justice, howsoever I may be frail and partake of the abuses of the times."

That Bacon was to be sacrificed to the cupidity of the times is manifest from a passage in his later letter to the King: "I wish that as I am the first, so I may be the last, of sacrifices in your times." And we have it on record by Sir Thomas Bushel that at the first breathing of these charges "there arose such complaints against his lordship and the then favorite (Buckingham) at Court, that for some days put the King to this querie, whether he should permit the favorite of his affection, or the oracle of his council, to sink in his service; whereupon his lordship was sent for by the King, who, after some discourse, gave him this positive advice, to submit himself to his house of peers, and that, upon his princely word, he would then restore him again, if they, in their honors, should not be sensible of his merits. Now, though my lord saw his approaching ruin, and told his majesty there was little hope of mercy in a multitude, when his enemies were to give fire, if he did not plead for himself; yet such was his obedience to him from whom he had his being, that he resolved his majesty's will should be his only law; and so took leave of him with these words: 'Those that will strike at your Chancellor, it is much to be feared, will strike at your crown; and wished, that as he was then the first, so he might be the last of sacrifices.' " Bacon, therefore, did not defend himself, by the command of the King.

And how did Bacon dispose himself after this fiasco of a trial, condemnation, and sentence? His letter from the Tower, where he was incarcerated, to Buckingham, is memorable. It was an order. "Procure the warrant for my discharge this day!" This was bold and explicit. Was such the language and attitude of a guilty man?

In a day or two, Bacon was set free! Was not that the act of a guilty King?

Regarding the imposition of his fine of £40,000 and loss of office and consequent monetary distress, Bacon lost no time, after he was at liberty, in appealing to the King to aid him in his adversity of fortune, with the significant result that on November 14th, 1622, the King issued the following warrant touching Bacon's debts and liabilities:

“JAMES REX.—We do much commiserate the estate of our right trusty and well-beloved the Lord of St. Albans, having served us in so great place and being one whom, howsoever he offended in judicature, yet in matter of counsel and our commission of treasure we found faithful and very careful and diligent, running courses entire and direct for the good of our service. Being therefore informed from him that he is indebted, and that some of his servants likewise and near friends are engaged for him, of whom he hath no less care than of himself (which mind we commend in him), we do wish the times were such as we might free him at once by our liberality. But the times being as they are, as we have gracious intentions towards him, so in the meantime we have care of his subsisting and honor and quiet. And therefore we do require you and every of you from time to time to treat with such creditors of his as he shall desire to make some reasonable and favorable composition for him and his sureties, letting them know that what favor and ease they shall do him in the composition shall be acceptable to ourselves: for which purpose we shall vouchsafe to take knowledge from you of such as shall be forward to perform our desire. And our will and pleasure is generally that by all good means you bring them to good terms of composition with him; which he shall take at your hands for service done unto ourselves.”

This historical document, dictated by the King himself, should put, once and for all, the baseless and malicious accusations against the moral character of Bacon at an end. Had he been the scoundrel his detractors throughout the centuries have unhesitatingly declared him to be, how is it conceivable that the King, little more than a year after Bacon's condemnation, could avow him to have been both faithful and diligent in his service and account him worthy of such extraordinary consideration in his private affairs?

The fine was remitted and the King further granted Bacon a pension. And in 1624, Bacon addressed a further memorial to the King in which he said: “I desire not from your majesty means, nor place, nor employment, but only, after so long a time of expatiation, a complete and total remission of the sentence of the Upper House, to the

end that blot of ignominy may be removed from me, and from my memory with posterity; that I die not a condemned man."

In the *Cabala* (ed. 1663, p. 270) there appears a copy of the warrant of King James to his Attorney-General, Thomas Coventry, to prepare a full and complete pardon to remove from "our right-trusty and right well-beloved cousin, the Viscount of St. Alban, . . . that blot of ignominy which yet remaineth upon him . . . and to remit to him all penalties whatsoever inflicted."

I am aware that this belated act of the King does not necessarily exculpate Bacon from the charges brought against him. But the whole proceedings were so strained and strange that we may well wonder whether the King was not convinced that Bacon was absolutely innocent, after all. In any case, we are justified in taking an estimate of Bacon's moral rectitude (and inferentially his innocence of corruption) from those of his contemporaries who knew him intimately. We need not refer to Dr. Rawley who, notwithstanding his "fall" proclaimed him as the soul of honour and virtue; to Archbishop Tenison; to Dr. Boëner who, after Bacon's death, pleaded for a monument in his honour, as "an example to all of all virtue, kindness, and patience"; to Sir Thomas Meautys, who stood faithfully by his friend in his hour of trouble and erected the beautiful white marble monument of Bacon at Gorhambury. Ben Jonson wrote of him: "My conceit of his person was never increased towards him by his place or honours. But I have and do reverence him for the greatness that was only proper to himself, in he seemed to me ever, by his work, one of the greatest men, and most worthy of admiration, that had been in many ages. In his adversity I ever prayed that God would give him strength, for greatness he could not want. Neither could I condole in a word or syllable for him; as knowing no accident could do harm to virtue; but rather help to make it manifest."

Such testimony as this might be recited *ad libitum*. And yet Lord Birkenhead, with an eye on *entertainment*, sums up the character of Bacon in a supercilious sentence:

“Bacon himself wrote that ‘sometimes by indignities men rise to dignities’ ; and his career shows how thoroughly he applied the maxim.”

The case of Mrs. Maybrick fares as badly by the treatment of Lord Birkenhead, and I am wondering whether the remainder of his cases (with which I am not very familiar) are equally worthless from an historical viewpoint. It is clear that he has gone to the Court records or the contemporary newspapers for his facts, which, as in the previous case, throw very little light on the real merits of this. On the issue of the case, Lord Birkenhead says that “the summing up was fair and impartial. It certainly contained slips on many details, though the Judge was a master of detail, but none of the slips was more than incidental.”

As a matter of fact, the Judge (who occupied two days in his summing up) summed up in the prisoner’s favour on the first, and against her on the second, day. This mental somersault set everyone thinking that the judge had lost possession of his reason, and, although he retained his position on the bench for some time after, he was soon prevailed on to retire. Instead of Justice Stephen’s summing-up being fair and impartial, he exhibited the strongest prejudice against Mrs. Maybrick on account of an alleged “motive” suggested by the Prosecution, and not on account of any evidence of guiltiness of the crime for which she was arraigned. He summed up in such a partial way that Lord Russell of Killowen (then Sir Chas. Russell) sent a written protest to the Home Secretary, in which he said that the judge had taken captive the judgment of the jury, and in which he described the trial as “a trial by judge rather than by jury.”

A few months after the trial Mr. Justice Stephen publicly stated that out of 1216 criminal cases he had tried in the preceding five years, “the case of Mrs. Maybrick was the only one as to which there could be any doubt about the facts.” And his brother, Mr. Leslie Stephen, afterwards published *The Life of Sir J. F. Stephen*, in which he said that up to the last the judge maintained that “it was possible that James Maybrick died from other causes.”

Soon after the trial was concluded and the sentence of death pronounced, Lord Birkenhead says, "Mrs. Maybrick was at once reprieved, and after many years' imprisonment she was released. She soon went to America, but did not survive for many years." This caps the climax! Mrs. Maybrick is alive to-day, and was certainly in England two years ago. How is that for "historical accuracy?"

A great deal of the feeling against Mrs. Maybrick was due to her *presumed* relations with Mr. Brierley, a friend of her husband's. But there is an altogether different story connected with that episode of the case, which is neither discreditable to Mrs. Maybrick nor to Mr. Brierley, but rather to James Maybrick and the Liverpool police.

"Towards the end of March, 1889", says Lord Birkenhead, "Mrs. Maybrick went to London, and there for some days she stayed with a man named Brierley, as man and wife, under the name of Maybrick. There was no evidence that her husband ever knew or suspected this incident, which seems to have been an isolated one. He did, however, resent Brierley's attentions to his wife at the Grand National on 29th March, so much so that on his return home he made a violent physical assault upon her. In consequence she prepared to leave him, but friends intervened, and they were, or appeared to be, reconciled."

This is a very pretty story, half told. It was Brierley who resented Maybrick's brutality on his wife. And as to the statement (admittedly given in evidence at the trial) that they had passed as man and wife (at a London hotel), there is not a word of truth in it. That Mrs. Maybrick stayed for a few days at the hotel in question *alone* as Mrs. Maybrick is true. The "gentleman" who called there to introduce her to his solicitors for the purpose of instituting an action for divorce against her husband was the elderly Mr. John Knight, her uncle, who was the well-known soap manufacturer. The grounds for divorce were infidelity and cruelty. Mrs. Maybrick had just discovered that her husband had been for years living a double life, and had a family by another woman. The witness Schweisso who swore at the trial that Mr. John Knight was Mr. Brierley at the London hotel, made a

confession after the sentence that his evidence was all manufactured by the police and that, as far as he was concerned it was "a regular got-up case of the Police."

This written confession was sent to the Home Secretary Lord Llandaff (then Mr. Henry Matthews), and there is little doubt that it was responsible in a large measure for his setting aside the verdict of the jury, procuring Mrs. Maybrick's reprieve, and inflicting a new sentence, that of imprisonment for life. Such a conclusion, as Lord Birkenhead must know, was nothing less than an outrage of law.

For the Home Secretary, after reviewing the evidence, officially announced with the concurrence of the judge who tried the case that the evidence "does not wholly exclude a reasonable doubt whether his (Maybrick's) death was, in fact, caused by the administration of arsenic." The charge was *Murder by Arsenic*,

If the Home Secretary thought there was a doubt (to the benefit of which every prisoner is legally entitled) if James Maybrick died from the effects of arsenical poisoning—leaving out of consideration whether his wife had administered it or not, of which there was no evidence—by what *hocus-pocus* of legal procedure can a person presumably not guilty of the crime with which she is charged, have an entirely new sentence—that of penal servitude for life—for a supposed crime, that of "attempting" to administer arsenic, which was not included in the indictment and for which Mrs. Maybrick was never tried?

If the jury at the trial had returned a verdict in the terms which the Home Secretary said would have been a proper one for them to have returned, the judge of the Court of trial must have entered a verdict of Acquittal. There is no getting over that deadly fact.

"On the whole," says Lord Birkenhead, "I think that if I were a juror in a civil action, judging by the probabilities, I should have found against her. But on a criminal charge, where a reasonable doubt entitles to acquittal, I should have acquitted. But if I had to consider the case on appeal, I should hesitate very long before I could see my way to disturb the verdict." Such forensic sagacity needs no comment.

THE MONUMENTS TO BACON, SHAKESPEARE AND SPENSER.

By BERTRAM G. THEOBALD, B.A.

VARIOUS writers have pointed out a few significant facts regarding the inscriptions on the monuments to Bacon, Shakespeare and Spenser; and in "Secret Shakespearean Seals" (Nottingham: H. Jenkins, 1916) the authors considered them, but chiefly for the numbers 157 and 287, and less for Bacon's personal signatures. I will now attempt a more detailed examination, taking as my basis the system of cipher signatures first shown by these authors to exist throughout the Shakespeare plays and poems and in many anonymous and pseudonymous writings. I also find these signatures in Bacon's acknowledged works—a very important point; since the presence of these latter signatures furnishes strong evidence that they were also arranged by him in his unacknowledged works.

For the benefit of those who have not investigated these matters, I may explain that Bacon used three codes of numerical cipher for this purpose, as follows:

Simple Cipher:

A=1, B=2.....I&J=9.....U&V=20.....Z=24

Reverse Cipher:

A=24, B=23.....I&J=16.....U&V=5.....Z=1

K. Cipher

A=27, B=28.....I&J=35, K=10.....U&V=20.....Z=24

The signatures are simply the totals of the numerical

values of the letters forming those words; e.g., F. Bacon(s) = 39; Bacon(k) = III; Fr. Bacon (r) = IIG; and so on.

His method was so to arrange the totals of Roman and italic words and letters on a title page, first page, last page, and often elsewhere too, that by merely adding or subtracting any two of the four totals (R.W., I.W., R.L., I.L.) or taking one of them as it stands, a Bacon signature is revealed.

Having examined this system carefully and worked at it for some time, I am now satisfied of its genuineness and am certain that Bacon used it methodically. The only real difficulty is to decide when a signature is inserted by design and when it may happen by accident. As to this, I can only say here that Bacon foresaw the difficulty and constantly puts his signature in duplicate and triplicate and even more on one page; also, that after collecting a large number of examples one soon becomes convinced that any theory of chance is entirely ruled out by the unfailing regularity with which these signatures appear just in the right and expected places, but only occasionally elsewhere. Considering that nearly all the usual signatures are comprised within numbers not exceeding 300, it is only natural that *any* title page, for example, will sometimes display a Bacon signature by accident. But I believe no *systematic* use of this method can be found throughout *all* the works of any *one* other contemporary author. Assuming that Bacon used this system for the inscriptions on the Spenser and Shakespeare monuments, and that his successors planned similar signatures on his own monument, let us see what results are obtained.

In "Resuscitatio" 1671 Rawley gives an engraving of the original monument to Bacon, and this may undoubtedly be accepted as accurate for cipher purposes, since he was familiar with the method. The wording and setting out as are follows:

R.W.

R.L. I.L.

17	FRANCISCUS BACON BARO DE VERULAM S ^{ti} ALBANI VIC. <i>mds</i>	95	5
	SEV NOTIORIBVS TITVLIS		
	SCIENTIARVM LV MEN FACVNDIÆ LEX		
	SIC SEDEBAT		

17

QVI POSTQVAM OMNIA NATVRALIS SAPIENTIÆ
ET CIVILIS ARCANA EVOLVISSET
NATVRÆ DECRETVM EXPLEVIT
COMPOSITA SOLVANTVR
AN^o DNI M.D.C.XXVI
ÆTATI^s LXVI

108 3

11

TANTI VIRI
MEM
THOMAS MEAVTVS
SUPERSTITIS CULTOR
DEFUNCTI ADMIRATOR
H.P.

61
— 169

— 28

45

264 8

Figures are sometimes taken as one factor in the cipher, the sum of their digits being used. Here the digits of 1626 and 66 make 27: We note first that there are two separate tablets, and also that the lower one divides itself naturally into two sections. This suggests that there may be ciphers in these separate parts, either in addition to, or in lieu of one in the whole. Proceeding in the usual way by totalling the Roman and italic words and letters, the following results appear:

Upper Tablet

R.L. 95	R.L. 95
+ I.L. 5	+ R.W. 17
100 = Francis Bacon(s)	112 = Edm. Spenser(s)
	& Puttenham(s)
R.L. 95	
— L.I. 5	
90 = Webbe (r) & Marloe (r)	

Lower Tablet, 1st section :

R.L. 108	R.L. 108
+R.W. 17	-R.W. 17
125 = Ed. Spenser (r)	91 = Spenser(s)
R.L. 108	R.L. 108
+I.L. 3	-Fig. 27
111 = Bacon(k)	81 = Marlowe(s)

Whole tablet

R.L. 169	R.L. 169
-I.L. 3	+I.L. 3
166 = Francis Bacon Knight(s)	172 = Shakespeare(r) & F. Bacon Kt. (k)
R.L. 169	
-R.W. 28	
141 = Francis Tudor(s)	

Both Tablets

R.L. 95
+ R.L. 169
264 = Bacon-Shakespeare(r)

I have taken those forms of Spenser's name which appear on the works attributed to him—as nearly as possible.

Considering how the literary men of Elizabethan days delighted in ciphers, anagrams, acrostics and word play of every description, it is not surprising to find on Bacon's monument an ingenious example of what may be called a double numerical acrostic. If the reader will take the initial letters of all the *first* words of each line in the entire epithaph (omitting H.P.) and give them their simple cipher values, the total will be 176 = W. Shakespeare(r) and also Edmund Spenser(r). If the same thing be done for the initial letters of all the *last* words, this total will be 172 = Shakespeare(r) and also F. Bacon Kt.(k). Of course the sceptic will argue that one must not give simple cipher values to these letters and then produce signatures in reverse or K. But these non-symmetrical acrostics are probably permissible in special cases such as an epitaph. Besides these two acrostics, each of the tablets contains separate ones, as follows (these are quite symmetrical):

Upper Tablet.

First letters of last words(s)=68=F. Bacon Kt.(s)

Lower Tablet. (incl. H.P.)

First letters of first words(s)=124=W. Shakespeare(s)

Finally we might ask ourselves whether Sir Henry Wootton, who composed this epitaph, has purposely used the Latin-English form Franciscus Bacon, instead of the more obvious Franciscus Baconus, because the former (s)=141=Francis Tudor(s).

The present day monument at St. Michael's Church has the following inscription. In this case there are no italic letters, and so we differentiate between large and small letters.

R.W.

L.L. S.L.

17	FRANCISCUS BACON BARO DE VERULA S ^{TI} ALB ^{NI} VIC ^{MS} SEV NOTIORIBVS TITVLIS SCIENTIARVM LVMEN FACVNDIÆ LEX SIC SEDEBAT	91 6
----	--	------

17	QUI POSTQVAM OMNIA NATVRALIS SAPIENTIÆ ET CIVILIS ARCANA EVOLVISSET NATVRÆ DECRETVM EXPLEVIT COMPOSITA SOLVANTVR AN ^O : DNI: MDCXXVI ÆTAT ^S LXVI	108 2
----	---	-------

11	TANTI VIRI MEM THOMAS MEAVTYS SVPERSTITIS CVLTOR DEFVNCTI ADMIRATOR H.P.	61
----	---	----

— 28

— 169

—
45—
260 8

Here there are three separate tablets, and we obtain these results:

First Tablet

$$\begin{array}{r r c r r c}
 \text{L.L.} & 91 = \text{Spenser(s)} & & \text{L.L.} & 91 & \\
 -\text{S.L.} & \underline{6} & & +\text{S.L.} & \underline{6} & \\
 & & & & & \\
 & 85 = \text{Fr. Bacon, Kt.(s)} & & & 97 = \text{Immerito(s)} & \\
 & \underline{\quad} & & & \underline{\quad} &
 \end{array}$$

Second Tablet

$$\begin{array}{r r c}
 \text{L.L.} & 108 & \\
 +\text{R.W.} & \underline{17} & \\
 & 125 = \text{Ed. Spenser(r)} & \\
 & \underline{\quad} & \\
 \text{L.L.} & 108 & \\
 -\text{R.W.} & \underline{17} & \\
 & 91 = \text{Spenser(s)} & \\
 & \underline{\quad} & \\
 \text{L.L.} & 108 & \\
 -\text{Fig.} & \underline{27} & \\
 & 81 = & \\
 & \underline{\quad} & \\
 & \text{Marlowe(s)} &
 \end{array}$$

Second and Third Tablets

$$\begin{array}{r r c}
 \text{L.L.} & 169 & \\
 -\text{R.W.} & \underline{28} & \\
 & 141 = \text{Francis Tudor(s)} & \\
 & \underline{\quad} &
 \end{array}$$

All Three Tablets

$$\begin{array}{r r c}
 \text{L.L.} & 260 & \\
 +\text{Fig.} & \underline{27} & \\
 & 287 = \text{Fra. Rosicrosse(k)} & \\
 & \underline{\quad} &
 \end{array}$$

The natural question now is, when and by whose authority the original inscription was removed, and why a slightly different lettering was adopted. Unfortunately there is no information to guide us, and one can only conjecture that if the original had become defaced, those who restored it perhaps thought that a fresh set of signatures would afford confirmatory evidence in favour of the former ones.

Marginal Acrostics. The same as in original monument.

Now let us examine the memorials to Shakespeare at Stratford. These consist of a wall monument, and a tombstone on the ground near by. Here, again, we have to deal with the original and also the present day monuments; the difficulty in regard to the former being that there appears to be only one reliable source for the exact lettering and setting out of the inscriptions, viz: the engraving

supplied by Sir Wm. Dugdale in his "History of Warwickshire" 1656. Since Dugdale has the reputation of being a careful scholarly man, one expects that his version will be accurate. Moreover he proves his knowledge of Bacon's methods by inserting cipher signatures on the very page of his book containing the illustration of the Stratford monument (see "Secret Shakespearean Seals" plate LXVI). But inasmuch as this page contains a few descriptive words of his own, we cannot be quite certain whether he gives the exact inscription, or whether he has slightly adapted its lettering to form his own cipher message. It seems likely that he knew of the cipher on this inscription, in which case he would naturally reproduce it with great care. I will give the wording as it stands in his book: ("wTH in" taken as two words, because this is also the case in the later version. The original is rather ambiguous).

(In the North wall of the Chancell
is this monument fixt)

R.W.	Iudicio Pylum, genio Socratem, arte Maronem	L.L.	S.L.
12	Terra tegit, populus maret, olympus habet.	71	
	Stay passenger, why goest thou by so'e fast Read, if thou canst whom envious death hath plac't wth in this monument Shakspeare with whome Quick nature dyed, whose name doth deck the tombe Far more then cost, sith all that he hath writ		
52	Leaues living art but page to serue his witt.	220	2
Fig.			
27	0	Objt A ^o . Dni. 1616 æt. 53, die 23 Apri.	18 1
			309

(Neare the wall where this monument is erected
lyeth a plaine free stone underneath w^{OU} his
body is buried wth this Epitaph).

	Good freind for Iesus sake forbear		
	To digg the dust inclosed here		
	Blest be the man that spares these stones		
28	and curst be he that moues my bones.	117	
98		426	3

Here, again, the epitaph consists of three sections (besides the wording on the tombstone) and this suggests treating them separately, as well as considering the whole.

<i>Wall Monument 1st & 2nd sections</i>		<i>2nd section</i>	
L.L. 291 = William Webbe (k)		L.L. 220	
—R.W. 64		—R.W. 52 = Greene (s)	
227 = Bacon-Shakespeare- Spenser(s)		168 = Fra- Rosicrosse (r)	
<i>2nd & 3rd sections</i>		<i>3rd section</i>	
R.W. 58		R.W. 6	
+ Fig. 27		+ Fig. 27	
85 = Fr. Bacon Kt.(s)		33 = Bacon(s)	
<i>Whole Epitaph</i>			
L.L. 309	R.W. 98 = Greene(r)	R.W. 70	
—Fig. 27	+ Fig. 27	+ Fig. 27	
282 = Francis Bacon (k)		125 = Ed. Spenser(r) 97 = Immerito(s)	

The reader will notice that one does not combine *any* of these totals with *any* other, which would be illegitimate. But we may take one section, or two adjacent sections together. As Figures are quite a separate factor, I think we are justified here in using them more than once. These particular signatures are perhaps less satisfactory than usual, since many of them depend on the figure total. Possibly however this was intentional, in order to make them less obvious.

Tombstone.

There is no signature on this inscription; indeed one would hardly expect it, seeing that we have nothing but the two totals of 28 words and 117 letters to deal with. But the interesting fact is that if the total large letters of the wall monument are added to those of the tombstone we obtain the signature 426 = Francis Bacon Knight(k). Whether Shaksper himself wrote the doggerel lines for this tombstone during his life, as one tradition relates, does not matter. But there is no reason for believing that the wall monument was erected by his relatives or fellow townsmen; and therefore presumably Bacon contrived its inscript on to fit in with that on the tombstone. That this last connecting signature is not merely

a coincidence will appear when we have examined the present day monument and tombstone, which we now proceed to do.

They are:

R.W.

L.L. S.L.

12

IVDICIO PYLIVM GENIO SOCRATEM ARTE MARONEM
TERRA TEGIT POPVLVS MÆRET OLYMPVS HABET

71

STAY PASSENGER WHY GOEST THOV BY SO FAST
READ IF THOV CANST WHOM ENVIOWS DEATH HATH PLAST
WITH IN THIS MONVMENT SHAKSPEARE WITH WHOME
QVICK NATURE DIDE WHOSE NAME^E, DOT^H DECK Y^E TOMBE
FAR MORE THEN COST: SITH ALL Y HE HATH WRITT
LEAVES LIVING ART BVT PAGE TO ERVE HIS WITT.

218

52

OBIJT ANO DO^I 1616
ÆTATIS 53 DIE 23 AP.

21

Fig. 27 6

310

GOOD FREN^D FOR IESUS SAKE FORBEARE
TO DIGG THE DVST ENCLOSED HEARE
BLESTE BE Y MAN Y SPARES THES STONES
AND CVRST BE HE Y MOVES MY BONES

28

110

27 98

420

From the above we obtain these results:

Wall Monument 1st and 2nd sections.

All L. 291 = William Webbe(k) L.L. 289
—R.W. 64 —S.L. 2

227 = Bacon-Shakespeare 237 = Fra. Rosicrosse (k)
— Spenser(s)

2nd section

L L 218 = Francis St.
Alban(r)
—R.W. 52 = Greene(s)
166 = Francis Bacon
— Knight(s)

2nd and 3rd sections.

L.L.	239	R.W.	58
-S.L.	3	+Fig.	27
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	236=Christopher Mar-		85=Fr. Bacon Kt.(s)
	lowe(r)		<hr/>

3rd Section.

R.W.	6
+Fig.	27
	<hr/>
	33=Bacon(s)
	<hr/>

Tombstone.

All L.	113=Puttenham(r)	All L.	113
-R.W.	28	+R.W.	28
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	85=Fr. Bacon Kt'(s)		141=Francis Tudor(s)
	<hr/>		<hr/>
L.L.	110		
+R.W.	28		
	<hr/>		
	138=Edm. Spenser(r) also Prince of Wales(s)		
	<hr/>		

Monument and Tombstone.

R.W.	98=Greene(r)	L.L.	310
-S.L.	6	-L.L.	110
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	92=Bacon(r)		200=Francis Bacon(r)
	<hr/>		<hr/>
L.L.	420	R.W.	98
+S.L.	6	+Fig.	27
	<hr/>		<hr/>
	426=Francis Bacon		125=Ed. Spenser(r)
	Knight(k)		<hr/>
R.W.	98		
-Fig.	27		
	<hr/>		
	71=F. St. Alban(s)		
	<hr/>		

Marginal Acrostics (original and modern versions)

First letters of all first words on monument *and* tombstone:
In simple cipher = 166 = Francis Bacon Knight(s)

Wall Monument only.

First letters of all first words(r) = 138 = Edm. Spenser(r)
Last letters of all first words(s) = 132 = Francis St. Alban(s)

Finally, we may ask ourselves whether it is pure chance that the first and last words of the epitaph "Judicio" and "Witt," both count 68 (s) = F. Bacon Kt. (s).

The question of the alterations in 1748 to the original monument has been carefully dealt with by Mrs. C. C. Stopes, and we know that a protracted discussion took place between the vicar, Mr. Kenrick and the Schoolmaster, Mr. Joseph Greene; the former wishing to limit the sculptor to merely restoring the monument and preserving all the original features as closely as possible, the latter wishing to give him a comparatively free hand. In the end Mr. Greene had his way, with the result that the design was completely altered, as we all know. In his recently published work "Shakespeare's Heraldic Emblems: their Origin and Meaning," Mr. W. Lansdown Goldsworthy has some interesting remarks on the symbolism of this monument and naturally denounces the destruction of this symbolism. But the curious fact remains that whoever was responsible for the slight alterations in the lettering of both monument and tombstone (assuming the latter was altered at the same time) has produced a better set of cipher signatures than the first ones. I cannot help thinking therefore that this part of the business was inspired by those who knew Bacon's secrets, and that possibly the general design was changed in deference to popular feeling at the time.

Besides the Stratford monument, there is the one in Westminster Abbey, where the figure of Shaksper is pointing to a scroll on which is inscribed this quotation from "The Tempest":

	The Cloud capt Tow'rs,	
	The Gorgeous Palaces	
I, W.	The Solemn Temples,	I. L.
—	The Great Globe itself	—
34	Yea all which it Inherit,	157
	Shall Dissolve;	
	And like the Baseless Fabrick of a Vision	
	Leave not a wreck behind.	

In "Secret Shakespearean Seals" (plate LXIX) it was pointed out how the above lines had been altered from the original text, seemingly to make a total of 157 letters instead of 167, thus showing the Rosicrucian Fraternity signature (157 = Fra. Rosicrosse). But there are other

secrets on this scroll. Shaksper's forefinger is definitely pointing to the word "Temples," and in a sense to the word "Globe" also. Why? Because "Temples" (s) is 85=Fr. Bacon Kt.(s) and "Globe" (s) is 39=F. Bacon(s). Next we notice that "Shall Dissolve" is given a whole line to itself. This prominence is probably a hint; and upon examination we find that these words (r) count 177=William Shakespeare(s).

Finally, the last line (r)=314=Francis St. Alban(k).

Marginal Acrostics.

First letters of all first words (s)=129=Francis Bacon Kt.(s)

First letters of all last words (s)=97=Immerito(s)

Last letters of all first words (s)=41=Peele(s)

(r)=159=Francis Tudor(r)

Above Shaksper's head is a small tablet with the following wording:

GULIELMO SHAKSPEARE
ANNO POST MORTEM CXXIV^o
AMOR PUBLICUS POSUIT

Here I am doubtful whether CXXIV^o, being an adjective, and not simply a set of figures, should be treated as a word (*one word?*) and CXXIV as Roman *letters*. In that case there are exactly 56 letters on the tablet, =Fr. Bacon(s). But if we are meant to take CXXIV as=124 and the "o" as a letter, then the 56 signature would disappear, but we could combine this tablet with the scroll beneath and obtain:

R.L.	51	I.L.	157
+I.W.	34	-R.W.	8
	<hr style="width: 50px; margin: 0 auto;"/>		<hr style="width: 50px; margin: 0 auto;"/>
	85=Fr. Bacon Kt.(s)		149=Edmund Spenser(s)

Now turn to the Spenser monuments.

The original, as shown in the 1679 edition of Spenser's works, is given below. This was erected in 1620.

R.W. (R.W.)

R.L. (R-L.)

HEARE LYES (EXPECTING THE SECOND
 COMMINGE OF OUR SAVIOUR CHRIST
 IESUS) THE BODY OF EDMOND SPENCER
 THE PRINCE OF POETS IN HIS TYME
 WHOSE DIVINE SPIRIT NEEDS NOE
 OTHIR WITNESS THEN THE WORKS
 WHICH HE LEFT BEHIND HIM.
 HE WAS BORNE IN LONDON
 IN THE YEARE 1510 AND
 DIED IN THE YEARE
 1596

42 9

170 49

I.W.

*Such is the Tombe the Noble ESSEX gaue
 Great SPENCER'S learned Reliques; such his
 graue.
 How 'ere Ill-treated in His Life he were,
 His sacred Bones Rest Honourably Here.*

I.L.

32

134

Here, as there are neither italic nor small letters in the upper section, we differentiate between words and letters in brackets and those not in brackets.

These inscriptions yield good signatures, as follows:

Monument.

R.W.	42	All R.W.	51
—(R.W.)	9	+(R.L.)	49
	<u>33</u>		<u>100</u>
			Bacon(s)
R.L.	170		
—All R.W.	51		
	<u>119</u>		
			Fr. Bacon(r)
R.L.	170	All R.L.	219
+All R.W.	51	—R.W.	42
	<u>221</u>		<u>177</u>
			William Shakespeare(s)
R.W.	42		
+(R.L.)	49		
	<u>91</u>		
			Spenser(s)
Pepstal.			
I.W.	32		
+I.L.	134		
	<u>166</u>		
			Francis Bacon Knight(s)

Monument and Pedestal.

R.L.	219
—I.L.	134

85 = Fr. Bacon Kt.(s)

Marginal Acrostics (both tablets).

First letters of all first words (s) = 157 = Fra. Rosicrosse(s)

First letters of all last words (r) = Shakespeare(r)

The present monument in Westminster Abbey has this wording:

HEARE LYES (EXPECTING THE SECOND
 COMMINGE OF OUR SAVIOUR CHRIST
 IESUS) THE BODY OF EDMOND SPENCER
 THE PRINCE OF POETS IN HIS TYME
 WHOSE DIVINE SPIRRIT NEEDS NOE
 OTHIR WITNESSE THEN THE WORKS
 WHICH HE LEFT BEHINDE HIM.
 HE WAS BORNE IN LONDON IN
 THE YEARE 1553 AND
 DIED IN THE YEARE 1598

Restored by private subscription 1778

From this we obtain signatures as under :

Monument.

R.W.	42	All R.W.	51
—(R.W.)	9	+ (R.L.)	49
	<u>33 = Bacon(s)</u>		<u>100 = Francis Bacon(s)</u>
R.W.	42		
+ (R.L.)	49		
	<u>91 = Spenser(s)</u>		
R.L.	173	All L.	222
—(R.L.)	49	+ All W.	51
	<u>124 = W. Shakespeare(s)</u>		<u>273 = William Shakespeare(r)</u>
All L.	222	All W.	51
+ Fig.	37	+ Fig.	37
	<u>259 = Shakespeare(k)</u>		<u>88 = Fr. St. Alban(s)</u>
R.L.	173		
—Fig.	37		
	<u>136 = Bacon-Shakespeare & Wm. Shakespeare(s)</u>		

Pedestal.

R.L.	29
+ R.W.	4
	<hr/>
	33 = Bacon(s)

Monument and Pedestal.

All R.W.	55
+ Fig.	37
	<hr/>
	92 = Bacon(r)

Marginal Acrostics (both tablets)

First letters of all first words in s. = 143 = F. Bacon & Spenser(k)

First letters of all first words in k = 273 = William Shakespeare(r)

First letters of all first words in r = 132 = Francis St. Alban(s)

First letters of all last words in r = 124 = W. Shakespeare(s)

One word in conclusion as to these marginal acrostics. Signatures of some kind will of course occur in many poems by accident, and therefore one would only consider those to be planned which occur in significant places, such as first page, last page, etc., unless a hint were given of their presence elsewhere. Also, if one were dealing with a whole series, it would be necessary to include only the symmetrical ones, i.e., those in which the count of letters and the resulting signature are in the same cipher system. These are naturally fewer, and stronger. If the reader wishes, he may rule out all the non-symmetrical ones here; there will still be plenty left.

Normally, too, the other signatures are formed by taking any *two* of the usual four totals. Here I have sometimes taken more; e.g. All L. minus R.W., or All L. minus All W. But in a case like these epitaphs, where the greatest possible amount of information has to be crowded into a very small compass, I consider it legitimate; and the results seem to justify this view.

At the last moment I discover that the original wording on the stone slab in Stratford Church was apparently in existence subsequent to 1748. Please note the implications.

ROBERT, SECOND EARL OF ESSEX.

BY PARKER WOODWARD.

(In view of the recent book by Mr. Lytton Strachey, we print hereunder a synopsis of Mr. Woodward's lecture delivered some time ago at Canonbury Tower.—EDRS.)

THE name of Francis Bacon has been discussed *ad nauseam* on the subject of the authorship of the "Shakespeare" plays and sonnets. It is a large question, but I am convinced that Francis Bacon wrote all or most parts of those plays and sonnets, and that he was an unacknowledged son of Queen Elizabeth by a belated marriage with Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester. But the object of this paper is concerned with the confirmation of the deciphered allegation that Robert, second Earl of Essex, was *another* son of that union.

That Queen Elizabeth contemplated the bearing of children is shown by her own statement to Fenelon of the 22 June, 1571, "that she was determined to marry, not for any wish of her own, but for the satisfaction of her subjects, and also to put an end, by the authority of a husband, and the birth of offspring, if it should please God to give them to her." And with regard to any statements put out by the Queen, see page 247 of Strickland's *Life of Queen Elizabeth* where it is mentioned that the Queen continually sought to mislead personages about herself and her intentions.

It will be remembered that a gentleman named Marsham in 1570 openly published that the Queen had had two children by the Earl of Leicester, for which statement he was condemned to have his ears cut off.

We know quite well that the Queen and Leicester were closely intimate—their bedrooms adjoining one another at the period.

30 Robert, Second Earl of Essex

Of the two children referred to, Robert was doubtless one. As to the other probably was meant another child born much later than Jan. 1560—the birth-date of Francis Bacon.

Now, next to the tomb-monument in the Beauchamp Chapel at Warwick of the Earl of Leicester (who died in 1588) is a handsome tomb-monument and effigy of a boy.

The inscription upon it tells that the boy was son of Robert, Earl of Leicester, and nephew and heir unto Ambrose, Earl of Warwick. It also tells that he was "a child of great parentage taken in his tender age at Wanstead, Essex, on Sunday, July 19, 1584." The effigy looks like that of a boy of probably 14 years of age.

Following the practice observed in the case of Francis and Robert, it is likely that this was another child of the Queen and Leicester which was taken privily at birth into the care of the Earl of Leicester, whose country house was at Wanstead, in Essex.

At the date 1566 (N.S. 1567) of the birth of Robert, a young nobleman, viz., Walter, Viscount Hereford, was married to the daughter of the Queen's cousin, Lettice Knowles, who filled the intimate office of Mistress of the Queen's robes.

If it had been essential to cover up the Queen by fostering her infant elsewhere, the not-long-married daughter of the Queen's relative and confidential friend might appropriately have been entrusted with the child to be adopted as her own. There is much circumstantial evidence of this. Viscount Hereford had a country residence at Chartley, in Staffordshire, where three of his children were born, viz., Penelope, Dorothy and Walter (in 1569).

Robert is stated to have been born in 1566 or 1567 at Netherwood, in Herefordshire. The baptisms of Penelope, Dorothy, and Walter are duly recorded at Chartley, but no baptism of *Robert* is recorded in the parish register at Netherwood, or has been found elsewhere.

If he was the son of Lord Hereford, it is to be remarked that this eldest son did not bear the name of *Walter*, the father's name. But he was named Robert, the name of Robert, Earl of Leicester.

Robert, Second Earl of Essex 31

On Nov. 8, 1567 was issued a warning to the officers of the Queen's household at Hampton Court to cause the use of modest speeches upon the affairs of the realm. Evidently, there had been some gossip.

In 1571 and onwards, the Queen's attitude to Lord Hereford was consistent with her having a distrust of him, and of a desire by her to get him out of England. She gave him an estate in the County of Essex and created him Earl of Essex and a Knight of the Garter.

She then sent him to Ulster in Ireland and lent him £10,000 at 10 per cent. interest secured on mortgage of his estates with right to foreclose for non-payment of instalments.

The correspondence of the Queen with the Earl contains indication of some secret between them. In a letter of March, 1574—5 she refers to letters "the contents whereof assure yourself our eyes and the fire only have been privy."

In a letter of August 6, 1575 she remarks:—"Deem, therefore, cousin mine, that the search of your honor with the danger of your breath hath not been bestowed on so ungrateful a prince that will not both consider the one and reward the other. Your most loving cousin and sovereign, E.R."

It is consistent with the truth of the deciphered story that Walter, Earl of Essex, should by letter of Nov. 1, 1573, have written to Lord Burleigh, the Queen's Lord Treasurer and Chief Minister offering to him "the direction, education, and marriage of my eldest son."

Earl Walter returned to Dublin in July 1576. In the September following, he was seized with a sudden and violent illness and died. It is alleged in a book called *Leicester's Commonwealth* that Earl Walter was poisoned at the instance of the Earl of Leicester. Certainly, Walter's death would put an end to any undesired disclosure, and possible blackmail by him.

At Earl Walter's death, Robert was 9 years old. Sir Henry Wootten recorded that the late Earl had but a poor conceit of him, and preferred his second son, Walter!

According to a letter of Gilbert Talbot to his father, the Earl of Shrewsbury, dated May 11, 1573, Earl Leicester,

32 Robert, Second Earl of Essex

while upon good terms of affection with the Queen, was "carrying-on" with the widow of Lord Sheffield and her sister, and that month Lady Sheffield gave birth to a son of whom Leicester admitted being the father and for whom he made good provision in his will. About the same time, the Queen was flirting with the Earl of Oxford and Sir Christopher Hatton. It was an age of great laxity—though those of our own period cannot afford to throw stones.

In 1577, Leicester betrothed himself to the widow of Walter, Earl of Essex. In the autumn of 1578, they were married at Leicester's country house at Wanstead. This was done at the insistence of the lady's father, Sir Francis Knollys. The marriage was kept from the Queen's knowledge for about a year. When she knew of it she ordered Leicester to be imprisoned at Greenwich Castle, and forbade the Countess from ever coming to the Court.

Probably Leicester expected that the Queen would marry some foreign prince, as considerable negotiations were on foot, and, indeed, had been since 1571.

In March, 1571, the Queen had written to Walsingham, her ambassador in Paris,—“the Earl (meaning Leicester) is ready to allow of any marriage that we (meaning herself) shall like!”

The young boy Robert, now entitled Second Earl of Essex, remained at Chartley for about 6 months after the first Earl's death, and was then made a member of Lord Burghley's family.

In May, 1577, he was sent to Trinity College, Cambridge, the same college at which Francis Bacon had resided 18 months earlier.

In June, being short of clothing and silver plate, the Lord Treasurer Burleigh was asked to supply these.

Roberts' Christmas vacation was spent at the Queen's Court! His meeting was thus described by his tutor:—“On his coming, the Queen meeting him offered to kiss him which he (the boy) humbly altogether refused. Upon her Majesty bringing him through the great Chamber into the Chamber of Presence, her Majesty would have him put on his hat, and indeed commanded him to do it.”

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So the boy passed with the Queen through her kneeling courtiers without doffing his hat! He had the position of a prince without knowing it.

At the age of 14, Robert was given the degree of M.A. At 17, he went to live in London. At 18, Leicester took him to the war in the Low Countries. On his return, young Robert was constantly at Court. In Dec. 1587 Leicester gave up the post of Master of Horse to Robert. It was worth £1500 a year.

The Queen, at that period, had an intrigue with Walter Raleigh, the captain of her Guard, who was 20 years her junior. In a letter of March 31, 1586, the French agent of Mary, Queen of Scots, alleged that Raleigh was Queen Elizabeth's minion. In a letter from Robert to Edward Dice of July 21, 1587, Robert stated that he accused the Queen of being under the control and influence of Raleigh: "I spake what of grief and choler as much against him as I could, and I think he (Raleigh) standing at the door might very well have heard the worst that I spoke of himself."

In July, 1587, Robert bolted off to join the fighting in the Low Countries, but the Queen sent people to prevent him from embarking.

In 1589, Robert joined the "Swiftsure" to go with the naval expedition to Portugal. The Queen threatened Sir Roger Williams (naval commander) with death unless he sent Robert back to England.

In April, 1590, Robert privately wedded the widow of Sir Philip Sidney. When the Queen knew of it she was very angry, not merely, she declared, that he married without her consent, but for marrying below his degree! As if the daughter of Sir Francis Walsingham, a late Secretary of State, was not of sufficient rank for a son of the Earl of Essex!

In October, 1590, Henry IV of France wrote to Robert personally to help him in a military trouble with Spain. It was not until June later that the Queen consented to Robert taking armed forces into Normandy for a limited period of two months. Having overstayed his time, the Queen sent for him back, but permitted him to go again for another month. The Council wrote that it was the

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Queen's wish that "you should not put in danger your own person at the siege of Rouen."

In December, the Queen stopped a proposed personal combat by Robert with the Governor of Rouen.

In 1592 to 1594, Robert was resident at Court, and the Queen could scarce bear his absence from her side.

While away in 1596 in a large sea expedition against Spain, the opposition to him of Raleigh, Lord Cobham, and Robert Cecil was used to damage him with the Queen.

Robert was ill in November, 1596, and again in February of the following year. It was gossiped that the Queen had expressed her determination to break him of his will and pull down his great heart. Robert had replied that it was a thing impossible, as he held it from his mother's side!

Certain troubles arising on the conduct by Robert of an expedition to Ireland resulted in his imprisonment and breakdown of his health. In August, 1600, he was released. Then followed an armed attempt on Feb. 8, 1601 by Robert and his friends to free the Queen, then aged 67, from the influence and surroundings of certain noblemen who had control of the government.

Failing in his attempt, he was on the 19th (eleven days after) arraigned for high treason and sentenced to death. He was beheaded six days later.

The execution took place on Tower Green, always reserved for persons of royal blood. Those executed not of royal blood were beheaded on Tower Hill. Robert's friend, the Earl of Arundel, removed and buried the poor fellow's remains, but the place of burial was not disclosed. It was probably in the Henry VII chapel of Westminster Abbey.

Thus ended the life of a brave, brilliant and promising young man at about 33 years of age.

The Queen never recovered from the shock of or remorse for the death of Robert. She thereafter mostly sat in the dark shedding tears to bewail his death. Her own death occurred in March, 1603. Had Robert's raid been successful, Raleigh, Cobham, Howard and Cecil would doubtlessly have been executed. They were fighting for their lives.

It is interesting that in the Beauchamp Tower where Robert was imprisoned before being beheaded are cut deeply in the wall the words "Robert Tidir." If Robert had been a son of the Queen, his name would have been correctly rendered. *Tudor* was similarly spelt and pronounced in that way at that period.

The brotherly intimacy between Francis and Robert was evidenced in many ways, as anyone perusing Spedding's *Life and Letters of Francis Bacon* may perceive. Robert fought hard to obtain a law office of profit for his literary brother Francis. Francis, on the other hand, struggled to keep Robert on the best terms with the Queen (see *Cabala* letters). And although Francis, *at the command of the Queen*, took part in the Star Chamber prosecution of Robert in 1600, it is clear that Robert fully understood, and did not resent the position, from the following utterance:—"For Francis, I think no worse of him for what he hath done against me than of my Lord Chief Justice."

SUPPRESSIO VERI, SUGGESTIO FALSI.

By M. F. BAYLEY.

LORD BIRKENHEAD, in "More Famous Trials" (1928), thunders out the sentence passed by Lord Chief Justice Sir Robert Hutton on Francis Bacon, but omits to add that his fine was remitted, that he was allowed to come within the verge of the Court in a few months, and that, when detained by Williams delaying his release,—so that he was confined a few hours longer in the Lord Lieutenant's lodging in the Tower, Bacon wrote the famous letter to the Duke of Buckingham, as follows:—

"Good, my Lord,—Procure the warrant for my discharge this day. Death, I thank God, is so far from being unwelcome to me, as I have called for it (as Christian resolution would permit) any time these two months. But to die before the time of His Majesty's grace, and in this disgraceful place, is even the worst that could be: and when I am dead, he is gone that was always in one tenor a true and perfect servant to his Master, and one that was never author of any immoderate, no, nor unsafe (so I will say it) not unfortunate counsel: and one that no temptation could ever make other than a trusty and honest, and thrice-loving friend to your Lordship; and howsoever I acknowledge the sentence just, and for reformation sake fit, the justest Chancellor that hath been in the five changes since Sir Nicholas Bacon's time. God bless you and prosper your Lordship, whatsoever become of me. Your Lordship's true friend, living and dying, Fr. St. Alban. Tower, 31 May, 1621."

This does not sound like a cringing, whining prisoner, nor like a guilty man. And those who know the truth know what a relief it was to the King and his favorite,

Buckingham, when Bacon pleaded guilty instead of standing his trial with the chance of calling and examining witnesses for his defence, which might have exposed their evil deeds.

One would have thought that as a fellow bencher of Gray's Inn and Lord Chancellor, Lord Birkenhead might have searched the State papers to see if any exist that might throw some real light on this inexplicable affair. The enquiry which was designed to purge the Courts of their malpractices was deftly turned into an attack on the Lord Chancellor himself by his enemies. In the State Trials, Geo. II., MDCCXLII., we read of the proceedings. It was interesting to read in the last number of BACONIANA how Cranfield (Lord Middlesex) fell because he would not surrender Chelsea to the rapacious Buckingham. So fell Francis Bacon as he would not hand over York House to him.

In the *Cabala* (MDCLXIII.), on page 287, is a letter from Bishop Williams, Lord Keeper, to the Duke of Buckingham, full of righteous indignation against Bacon's pardon. Perhaps that was why he "stayed" it, as we read elsewhere, to show his power. In other letters, too, his indignation is shown; but, on page 292, we see the expostulations of the Lord Treasurer against his rapacity as well as insolence to suitors, with the unconvincing replies of Williams. On page 309, we find Bishop Williams again writing to the Duke that he considered the Provostship of Eton College was in his gift (which was why Francis Bacon did not receive the post he coveted), and in the same letter we read this pregnant passage:

"His Majesty (as your Grace best knoweth) promised me, at the delivery of the Seal, a better Bishoprick, and intended certainly if any such bribes had fallen. My charge is exceedingly great, *my bribes are very little* (italics mine), my Bishoprick Deanery and other Commendams do not clear unto me above one thousand pounds a year, at the uttermost."

So bribes were still in being and being received, after

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all the outcry! He seems to have lost his position on the accession of Charles I. His letters have an oily obsequiousness that show him to have been pleasing to his patron, and *he* is more like the picture we are always being shown as Bacon,—a cringing time-server.

If historians would search themselves amongst these dubious lives of the men who traduced Bacon, they would not dare to print what they now do so confidently about one of the greatest of Englishmen. But any garbage will be printed by the press against Bacon. Lord Birkenhead says he was responsible for the Monopolies! He was "against all enclosures," and had to defend the Mompesson patent on legal, rather than on ethical, grounds.

Lord Birkenhead also, following the fashion of the day, derides Elizabeth's Court and says the courtiers were "corrupt, intriguing and faithless." Yet that Court was feared and respected throughout Europe, and the courtiers upheld the honor of England and their own; and it ill becomes a man like Lord Birkenhead to cast stones.

Another book raging against Elizabeth and her court is Mr. Lytton Strachey's "Elizabeth and Essex." All the outworn clichés are trotted out, and in the 287 pages of this over-applauded book, the author spends a great number in abusing Francis Bacon and likening him to a serpent. On the other hand, he likens Robert Cecil, "the gentle secretary," to a dove! When one is aware what contemporary writers say of this "pensioner of Spain," who plotted against his country till his death, such a book in praise of such a man is simply disgusting.

Although it was said that when he died in 1612 from the effects of his secret vices, and was everywhere despised, there was also a strong suspicion that he had been poisoned by Somerset.

There is far more hysteria than history in the book, and the old chestnut that Essex was one of Elizabeth's lovers, instead of being her son, is trotted out for the edification of the present generation.

The Fugger News Letters (2nd Series) must be taken

for contemporary evidence if anything else can. And these openly say that Essex was for some time regarded as Elizabeth's *heir*, and, as such, he ran the superb secret service, assisted by Anthony Bacon. Francis did his best to make him a statesman, but his own rash and impetuous conduct brought him to an untimely end.

The letter in which Francis Bacon begged the Queen to give him power by her side, "as you did my Lord of Leicester, but do not send him to Ireland," is conveniently suppressed or omitted by Mr. Strachey, as also the letters by which Francis tried to stop Essex from going to Ireland. Essex, listening more to Cuff, Mountjoy and others, paid no heed.

At the trial of Essex, Francis Bacon employed all his skill that the Prosecution should keep to the *evidence* of High Treason and to prevent Coke making wild accusations as he did in the Raleigh trial years after.

Had Essex sued for pardon, as Bacon pressed him to do, he doubtlessly would have been spared the horror of execution. But his spirit and pride were made of sterner stuff, and so he paid the penalty. That he would have been received back into favor by the Queen was Bacon's own conviction, whereas Robert Cecil is known to have hurried on the execution so as to give the Queen no chance to change her mind, even in the last extremity.

In conclusion, it is a great pity that more use is not made of *fresh* material instead of borrowing *ad nauseam* from the earlier writers (who were blinded by bias against Bacon) or of repeating their false suggestions as *bona fide* history.

ANALOGIES IN THE LIVES OF SCIPIO AND BACON

BY HENRY SEYMOUR.

(*The following is an abridgement of a lecture delivered at Canonbury on October 4th, 1928.*)

THE familiar adage that history repeats itself is brought to our minds when we consider the rather striking parallels in the lives and experiences of men so distant in point of time and circumstance as those of Scipio the younger and Francis Bacon. Both entered the active sphere of public life at phenomenally early ages, and each rose rapidly in the public estimation and arrested the attention of the theatre of affairs.

Some scholars have suggested that the comedies of Terence were really written by Scipio, just as all scholars with a penetrating eye believe that Bacon wrote the masterpieces of "Shakespeare." As Dr. Thomas Brown says, "the fine language, the pure expressions and delicate sentiments, seem perhaps to favour the supposition." We know very little of Shakspeare—the Stratford mummer—to whose credit the Great Plays have been attributed by half-educated literary pundits for some two centuries, and we know as little of the personal life of Terence except that he was born in 174 B.C.; that he was a slave in the household of Terentius, a Roman senator (from whom he took his name); that he had received a liberal education by contact with this household and in the end obtained his freedom, whereupon he was admitted into the circle of the intellectuals by whom it is said he was "assisted" in the writing and production of his plays upon the stage.

The Eunuch is regarded as the best of his comedies, and it is interesting to note in passing that one of the characters bears a near resemblance to Armado in *Love's Labors Lost*.

He is named *Thraso*, the braggart; and it will be remembered how Armado was mocked as being "too thrasonical." But leaving the possible parallel of Terence and Shakspeare as impersonators of other high-placed authors in concealment, what has been overlooked in the lives of these two men is that the same, sad story of their "fall" from power,—being brought about by false and unproven charges of bribery and corruption,—is chronicled in much the same circumstances. The only vital difference in their respective crises was that Scipio stood up boldly in defence of his innocence, whereas Bacon, doubtless equally innocent, suffered himself to plead guilty to some minor irregularity in the process of his Court at the behest of King James, in order to prevent further disclosures of a more heinous character in which Bacon himself was not involved. It was clearly a compact between the King and Bacon for reasons of State, in which, as it ultimately proved, a better bargain for James than Bacon, and which has ever since left a nasty flavour attaching to Bacon's reputation. Too late did Sir Thomas Bushel make his confession that Bacon was as innocent as a child in the bribe-taking charges and that his parasitic officers and servants were the real secret culprits. Bacon, by a trick of the King, had pleaded guilty to a minor offence of sheer neglect in the performance of his official duty, and all the world regarded him as the greatest scoundrel possible. The cypher story tells of the subsequent disillusionment of Bacon and the treachery of the King in this rotten business, and Bacon stands out as a victim of envy and malice on the part of the King's minions and dependents.

Notwithstanding the respective differences in their employments in the service of the State by Scipio and Bacon, they passed through similar experiences and endured similar ordeals towards the end of their careers. What stands out clearly is the base ingratitude of their countrymen towards them both in their hour of trial and need. It has been left to future ages to do honor to their memories.

With regard to Bacon, his putative father, the Lord Keeper under Elizabeth, intended that he should pursue

the avocation of the law. This was also the case with Ovid, whose poetic genius made him play truant to his intended career. But Scipio's occupation was pre-ordained for him as a soldier. A scion of one of the ancient and illustrious families, the Cornelii, yet no tradition survives of his earliest years. We are told by Polybius that by a combination of circumstances and his own initiative he fought with the Roman arms in their first encounter with Hannibal on Italian soil, accompanying his father, in command, when he was but 17 years old. Later, at the age of 24, he was himself chosen to command the army in Spain, and in this and subsequent encounters in the field he proved himself a phenomenal strategist and possessed of remarkable judgment. Concentration and Surprise were the keynotes of his policy, and his many and decisive successes launched his reputation so auspiciously as to ensure his rapid promotion.

Scipio became eventually the greatest general of his time, and as Captain Liddell Hart says, "greater than Napoleon." It is, however, rather with his later life that we are mostly interested; his matured judgment of men and things; his phenomenal rise to the highest place in statesmanship; his golden eloquence in the Senate, and his lofty moral courage; his momentous courage, not only with the military enemies of Rome but with his envious rivals in the Tribune; his undying patriotism for his country; his firm and unwavering loyalty to the people—so that his fame resounded on all sides as the "saviour" of his country: and then, at length, his *fall* from his elevated estate on the charge of accepting bribes which was never brought to proof, but which did not fail, nevertheless, to drag him down to complete ruin and disgrace.

He had been resting on his laurels and living quietly for some time in ease when the great trial of strength between Rome and Asiatic civilization was about to be staged. The theatre of war was alarmingly distant, connected with the homeland by long and insecure lines of communication. The spur of emergency quickens the imagination and memory, and, as Hart writes, Rome, in her fresh hour of trial, remembered the man who had saved her in the

past and who had been standing by ready for the occasion which he had himself long before prophesied to deaf ears. But Scipio, eager to perform service to his country, refused the Consulship. Doubtless he deemed the forces of jealousy too strong. Or perhaps the affection he had for his brother Lucius, a defeated candidate the year before, inspired him to give the latter his chance. Scipio had laurels enough and he had ever shared it with his assistants, leaving envy of others' fame to lesser men. His sole aim was service; and in any case he knew that if Lucius was Consul, he himself would wield the power needed.

Lucius was elected and voted command in Greece after Scipio had given the Senate the assurance that he would accompany his brother. The expedition set out in March (the Roman July) B.C. 190, but the advance into Asia had to be delayed because of the Senate's obstinacy in refusing to grant reasonable peace terms to the Ætolians, so driving them to take up arms afresh and maintain a stubborn warfare in their mountain strongholds. Scipio, who had ever contributed to his military object by the moderation of his demands, was now blocked by the immoderation of the Senate.

Once again, Scipio's diplomatic skill smoothed his military path. He secured an armistice from the Ætolians, and the generous aid of Philip of Macedon for the Roman march along the Ægean shore to the Hellespont. Here they crossed the Narrows to modern Chanak; unopposed by Antiochus, due partly to the defeat of his fleet and partly to his failure to secure the alliance of Prusias, king of Bithynia—a country whose sea-coast lay partly on the Black Sea and partly on the Sea of Marmora. Antiochus sent to play on his fears of being swallowed by Rome, but once again Scipio's grand strategetical vision had led him to foresee this move and take the precaution to check it.

His policy and strategy made possible the rout of Antiochus at Magnesia, but the tactical fruit was left for his brother Lucius to reap. But it fell upon Scipio to decide the terms of peace. He said that victory never made the Romans more severe than before. The conditions were

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the same as had been offered before Magnesia when the issue was still open; not a whit augmented because of Antiochus' present helplessness. Antiochus was to retire to the other side of the Taurus range; to pay 15,000 Euboic talents towards the expenses of the war—part at once and the rest in instalments extending over 12 years, and to hand over 20 selected hostages as pledge of good faith.

The notable feature of these terms, as of those in Africa and Greece, was that the Romans sought security and prosperity only. So long as Scipio guided Rome's policy, annexation, with all its attendant evils and dangers, is rigidly eschewed. His object is to ensure the pacific predominance of Roman interests and influence. It was true, grand strategy.

"The moderation and far-sighted policy of Scipio," says Captain Hart, "which had undermined his influence in the years succeeding Zama, was now to cause his political ruin. The sequence of events is somewhat hazy, but their outline is clear. The narrow-minded party, led by Cato, who could not be content with the disarming of the enemy but demanded their destruction, were so chagrined at this fresh piece of mercy and wisdom that they vented their anger on its author. Unable to revoke the peace, they compassed the downfall of Scipio and fastened on the suggestion of bribery as the most plausible charge. Perhaps, quite honestly, men like Cato could conceive no other cause for generosity to a vanquished foe. However, they seem to have been clever enough not to assail the stronger brother first, but rather,—aiming at weakness instead of strength,—to strike at Scipio indirectly through his brother.

The first move seems to have been the prosecution of Lucius for misappropriation of the indemnity paid by Antiochus. Scipio was so indignant at the charge that when his brother was in the act of producing his books he took them from him, tore them in pieces, and threw them on the floor of the Senate House. Let any man put himself in the place of another who by unparalleled services had rescued Rome from a deadly menace on her very hearth and raised her to be the unchallenged mistress of

the world, and then, as he said indignantly, to be called upon to account for four million sesterces when through him the Treasury had been enriched by two hundred million! We should remember, too, that Scipio was suffering from an illness soon to cause his death, and that sick men are inclined to be irritable.

In his second book of *Essays*, Montaigne, in his chapter on "Conscience," defends the act, and quoting Titus Livius, "he had naturally too high a spirit and was accustomed to too high a fortune to know how to be criminal, and to know how to dispose himself to the meanness of defending his innocency."

The defiant act, however, gave his enemies the opportunity they had longed for. Two tribunes, the Petilli, instigated by Cato, began a prosecution against Scipio for taking a bribe from Antiochus in return for the moderation of his peace terms. When the day of hearing came, never was either any other person, or Scipio himself when Consul or Censor, escorted to the Forum by a larger multitude than he was on that day when he appeared to answer the charge. The case opened, the plebeian tribunes sought to offset their lack of any definite evidence by raking up the old imputations about his luxurious Greek habits when in winter quarters in Sicily, and about the Locri episode. The voices were those of the Petilli, but the words were Cato's.

A cloud of words has rarely covered a poorer case, their purpose as Livy observes, "to attack by envy, as much as they can, him out of the reach of dishonor." The pleading having lasted until dusk, the trial was adjourned till next day.

When the tribunes were seated and the accused was again summoned to reply, the answer was characteristic of the man. No proof was possible either way, and besides being too proud to enter into explanations, he knew they would be wasted on his enemies as on his friends. Therefore, with the last psychological counterstroke of his career, he achieves a dramatic triumph.

"Tribunes of the People and you Romans," said he, "on the anniversary of this day I fought a pitched battle

in Africa against Hannibal and the Carthaginians with good fortune and success. As therefore it is but decent that a stop should be put to this day of litigation and wrangling, I am straightway going to the Capitol, there to return my acknowledgments to Jupiter, the supremely great and good, to Juno, to Minerva and the other deities presiding over the Capitol and the Citadel, and will give them thanks for having on this day and at many other times, endowed me both with the will and ability to perform extraordinary services to the Commonwealth. Such as you also, Romans, who choose, come with me and beseech the gods that you may have commanders like myself. Since from my 17th year until old age, you have always anticipated my years with honor, and I your honor with service."

Thereupon he went up towards the Capitol, and the whole assembly followed; at last, even the clerks and messengers, so that his accusers were left in a deserted forum.

This day was almost more famous owing to the favor of the Romans towards him, and their high estimation of his real greatness, than that on which he rode through Rome in triumph over Syphax and the Carthaginians. It was, nevertheless, the last day that shone with lustre on Scipio. For, as he could foresee naught but the prosecutions of malice and envy and dispute with the tribunes,—the trial being adjourned to a future day,—he retired to his estate at Liturnum with a fixed resolve not to attend the trial. His spirit was by nature too lofty and habituated to so elevated a course of fortune that he did not know how to act the part of an accused person or stoop to the humble deportment of men pleading their own cause.

At the adjourned trial, the Petilli sought to have him brought back to Rome, but their pleas met with general hostility, and so the trial was abandoned.

He passed the rest of his life at his estate without a wish to revisit the city, and when he was dying he ordered his body to be buried there in obscurity that even his obsequies might not be performed in his ungrateful country.

That he died in voluntary exile seems established, but

his burial-place was unknown, although his monuments were afterwards erected both at Liternum and Rome. At the time of his death he was only 52 years of age, and by a fitting coincidence his great rival Hannibal died about the same time by taking poison.

Even after Scipio's death, however, malice persistently pursued his memory. Instigated by Cato, a demand was pressed for an inquiry into the disposal of the tribute paid by Antiochus. Scipio's brother Lucius was now the direct target. At the semblance of a trial, judgment was given against him, and it was decreed that the Prætor should levy the sum due from Lucius' property, in the hope of tracing the positive proofs of the alleged defalcations of Scipio. Possession was taken, but not only did no trace appear of money received from Antiochus, but the sum realized of his property did not even reach the amount of the fine. This convincing proof of Scipio's innocence caused a revulsion of public feeling, and the hatred which had been aroused against the Scipios recoiled with ten-fold force against their accusers.

(The remaining part of the lecture recited the life of Bacon, his rise to the highest offices of State under James, the venality of the Government of the day, and the victimization of Bacon, as Chancellor. It dealt with the bogus charge worked up by his political adversaries, a mock trial at which he refused to attend, and the Interrogatories in which he admitted certain delinquencies which were free from suspicion of perverting justice; it dealt, further, with the sentence and fine and Bacon's incarceration in the Tower, how he was almost immediately released, and the later remission of the fine. These facts are so well known to Baconians that they are here omitted, owing to the exigencies of space.—EDITORS.)

THE SHAKE-SPEARE SONNETS INTERPRETED.

By W. G. C. GUNDRY.

(The substance of a lecture delivered at Canonbury Tower during the Winter Session, 1927-28, before the Bacon Society.)

IT is the intention of the present writer, in the small space at his disposal, to attempt to throw a little more light on the enigma of the *Sonnets*: with this intention in view he proposes to select a few of them and by means of a paraphrase to explore their inner meaning.

The "painted words" of poesy are a first-class medium for the acroamatic method of delivery so much favoured by Bacon; by translating these into prose it is hoped "by direction to find indirection out."

In his "*Wisdom of the Ancients*" Bacon makes the following observation:—

"Some fables discover a great and evident similitude, relation and connection with the things they signify, as well in the structure of the fable as in the propriety of the names whereby the persons or actors are characterized; insomuch that no one could positively deny a sense and meaning to be from the first intended and purposely shadowed out in them."

And again:—

"I may pass for a further indication of a concealed and secret meaning, that some of these fables are so absurd and idle in their narration as to show and proclaim an allegory, even afar off. For parables serve as well to instruct or illustrate as to wrap up and envelope, so that though, for the present, we drop the concealed use, and suppose the ancient fables to be vague, indeterminate things, for amusement, still the other use must remain, and can never be given up."

Shake-speare Sonnets Interpreted 49

The above quotations have been given in order to show that the writer of them was not only familiar with this method of conveying facts obliquely but that it is not improbable that he used them.

But now we will turn to the *Sonnets* themselves. The 48th Sonnet runs:—

“How careful was I, when I took my way
Each trifle under truest bars to thrust,
That to my use it might unused stay
From hands of falsehood, in sure wards of trust!
But thou, to whom my jewels trifles are,
Most worthy comfort, now my greatest grief,
Art left the prey of every vulgar thief.
Thee have I not lock'd up in any chest,
Save where thou art not, though I feel thou art,
Within the gentle closure of my heart,
From whence at pleasure thou may'st come and part;
And even thou wilt be stol'n, I fear,
For truth proves thievish for a prize so dear.”

Now for the paraphrase:—

How careful I was when I came to the decision to publish my plays under a cryptonym and to put all my manuscripts and other evidences of authorship into safe keeping in order that at the appointed time I might receive due credit for my work and that it might escape misuse, as far as possible, by others.

But you, Shaksper of Stratford, my mask, are so careless of my works that you are allowing anyone who will to publish pirated editions; you were a great help to me formerly when you agreed to become my pseudonym because you enabled me to speak frankly and “shake a lance at ignorance” without fear or favour; but now you have become my “great grief” owing to the manner in which you are allowing others to misuse my work.

You, my Plays, which are very dear to me are now, by the carelessness of you, Shaksper, the prey of every dishonest publisher—“vulgar thief” (see also “As every alien pen hath got my use,” in Sonnet 78). I haven't locked the Plays up but have given them to the world through using your name, “Shaksper,” though you have no real title to authorship—“save where thou art not.”

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But still! although the Plays have been dispersed abroad I can still enjoy them privately because I know them by heart,—“within the gentle closure of my breast,”—but now I fear that the imposture has taken in the public to such an extent that I may even lose the ultimate credit of producing such a magnificent work of Art after all.

It will be recalled that there is a reference in the preface of the *First Folio* of 1623 to stolen and surreptitious copies of the Plays: Bacon was extremely careful of his manuscripts to which he refers in his will, where he gives directions for their disposition and says that there are very many boxes and presses.

Let us now take the next Sonnet, number 49:—

“Against that time, if ever that time come,
When I shall see thee grown on my defects,
When as thy love hath cast his utmost sum,
Call'd to that audit by advised respects;
Against that time when thou shalt strangely pass
And scarcely greet me with that sun, thine eye,
When love, converted from the thing it was,
Shall reasons find of settled gravity,—
Against that time I do ensconce me here
Within the knowledge of mine own desert,
And this my hand against myself uprear,
To guard the lawful reasons on thy part;
To leave poor me thou hast the strength of laws,
Since why to love I can allege no cause.”

I paraphrase this as follows:—

When the time comes when the Plays shall have attained full recognition as works of genius it is possible that owing to their tremendous literary reputation I may not be esteemed their author as I am “a concealed poet.” In view of what is likely to happen in the future, when, once, having adopted the pen name *Shake-speare*, I cannot acknowledge my authorship, as I am hopeful that the graver matters of the Law or State will then occupy me, I content myself with the knowledge of your (the Play's) merit and the honour as their creator that should properly be mine.

Thus my hand is raised against my own reputation, as

Shake-speare Sonnets Interpreted 51

there is a very good reason for not having my name attached to them.

By virtue of an arrangement made by me I am legally estopped from claiming the Plays as my own work and thus I can advance no legitimate reason for my interest in them.

There is a tradition that the Earl of Southampton gave Shaksper £1,000 and it is thought that the payment of this large sum—equal to about £10,000 in value at the present time—may have been part of the bargain whereby Bacon made use of the Actor's name, which, by a little judicious re-arrangement, represents the English of the Greek goddess of Wisdom, Pallas Athene—the brandisher or shaker of the spear—the *Shake-speare*. Let the reader note in this connection the lines in Sonnet 134:

“He learned but surety-like to write for me,
Under that bond that him as fast doth bind.”

And in Sonnet 122:

“That poor retention could not so much hold,
Nor need I tallies thy dear love to score;
Therefore to give them from me was I bold,
To trust those tables that receive thee more:
To keep an adjunct to remember thee
Were to import forgetfulness in me.”

That writings under the disguise of love are the subject of these Sonnets are hinted at in the 108th Sonnet:—

“What's in the brain, that ink may character,”

And Sonnet 127 seems to indicate the same idea:—

“In old age black was not counted fair
Or if it were, it bore not beauty's name;”

Space does not permit the present writer to produce further evidence in support of his contention which might be multiplied indefinitely by an examination of the *Sonnets*, but, perhaps, enough has been written to indicate the general trend of his argument and to induce other investigators to prospect in that rich mine with a similar end in view.

SHAKESPEARE'S LEGACY.

By CHARLES WILLIAM HOPPER.

An open letter to the great Rosicrucian Brotherhood, the secret literary Society founded by Francis Bacon, to guard and in time to reveal the real authorship of the works attributed to "William Shake-speare."

THE GREATEST JOKE IN HISTORY.

"SHAKESPEARE'S LEGACY," a one-act play produced in 1916, is Sir J. M. Barrie's contribution to the greatest joke in history. It was published in an edition limited to 25 copies; and is a typical instance of how the members of this Society openly "pull the leg" of our so-called Shakespearean authorities.* The play not only brazenly advocates the Baconian authorship, but also, from beginning to end, employs the numerical cipher explained and illustrated, first in BACONIANA, July, 1927, and later in a very amusing story by P. G. Wodehouse, "The Reverent Wooing of Archibald" (numerical equivalent=287, "Fra Rosicrosse," also "F. Bacon, W. Shakespeare"). This story appeared in the *Strand*, August, 1928, and makes very clever fun of Society's apathetic attitude towards the great problem.

Before proceeding to give a few simple illustrations showing how this cipher has been used through the ages

* In Sir J. M. Barrie's play, the English husband asks his Scottish wife the secret of her charm and beauty. At this point the shade of Queen Elizabeth calls on Mary Queen of Scots, and puts a similar question. Mary explains that real beauty comes from love and kindness, and service to others—the inward truth of Verulam's philosophy. The husband, impressed, says to his wife, "Darling, we must make Shakespeare's legacy known to everyone of his countrymen. Think of them all being beautiful, . . ." advice which it may be hoped that our leading writers and poets, who know this great secret, will soon see their way to follow.

by all our greatest poets and writers (who all seem to have been let into the inspiring secret), a brief *resumé* of the reasons for initial and prolonged concealment may be useful to those who have not read about this great mystery.

THE REASONS FOR CONCEALMENT.

Since the war, Major Stevenson, Colonel Fabyan, and General Cartier, responsible heads of the British, American and French Secret Services during the war, have published statements in "Cassell's Weekly" (now "T.P.'s"), "The Scientific American," and the "Mercurè de France," showing that the Biliteral Cipher story discovered and published by Mrs. E. W. Gallup, twenty-five years ago, in the works of Shakespeare and others, is worthy of credence. These experts are acknowledged authorities on ciphers. They found that the cipher (the forerunner of our Morse Code) was being used by the Germans, who were employing Bacon's published key.

The story tells how, as a boy of sixteen, Bacon discovered that he was Queen Elizabeth's son by a secret marriage with Leicester; how he was packed off to France with the English Ambassador and fell in love with Marguerite of Navarre (the "Dark Lady" of the Sonnets), how he hoped to marry her, and thus make it easier for Elizabeth to own her marriage; how this could not be arranged; how and why for State reasons Queen Elizabeth, in the great game of bluff she was playing against the Catholic Powers, Spain, France and Italy, used the pose of Virgin Queen and her possible marriage as a trump card to keep France and Spain jealous of each other for over twenty years; and how, finally, when in her predicament she could not declare her successor, the deformed Cecil poisoned her mind against Essex, who was the second son of the marriage with Leicester.

This was the reason why "Richard II." was put on anonymously in 1597, and played fifty times in London, where it was received with uproarious delight (Essex was the City's darling, and his claims to the title, which Bacon had relinquished, an open secret). The play showed how a monarch who did not study his subjects'

interests was deposed and murdered; and Elizabeth naturally took great offence. As she told Dr. Lambarde afterwards, "Know ye not, that I am Richard the Second." The evidence before the Star Chamber investigation (see the deposition of Augustine Phillips, one of the actors), in spite of the mutilated records, make the case plain enough. This was the year when Shakspeare was hastily packed off to Stratford with a bribe of £1,000 from Southampton (see the first biography of Shakespeare, by Nicholas Rowe, a Rosicrucian, and a friend of Pope, who was another). Rowe's joke about the man of Stratford was this: "All that I could find out about him was that the top of his performance was that he played the part of *ghost* in his own *Hamlet*" (village)!

Pope was even more scathing; "Shakspeare, whom you and every playhouse bill, style the divine, the matchless what you will, for gain not glory winged his roving flight, and grew immortal in his own despite." This is why, as I pointed out in the "Graphic" articles, Pope and his friends put up the ambiguous monument in Westminster Abbey, with the distorted "Tempest" quotation to carry cipher, and the smiling actor (whom Bacon says he took as the model for *Falstaff*) pointing down at the head of Prince Hal (*Henry V.*) who was a composite dramatisation of Bacon and Essex. The idea was to show the Queen, and posterity, that a Prince could mix with tavern frequenters (as Bacon did according to Lady Anne Bacon's letters) and still rise to the occasion when he came to the throne. In the background of the Monument on either side are Queen Elizabeth (with a calculated resemblance to Henry V.) and Richard III. (who symbolises the deformed Cecil). These three heads do not represent the plays of "Shake-speare," but they do represent the three principal characters in the moving cipher story.

It is not merely the many-sided genius of Verulam, but also his self-effacement and prophetic foresight, on behalf of what he hoped would be a more enlightened posterity, that has fired all our greatest poets and writers for three centuries, and has inspired most of their masterpieces. Owing to space only a few examples can be given.

Bunyan's "Pilgrim's Progress" was apparently fostered by the Rosicrucians. It makes a convincing use of the cipher, notably where the *Interpreter* (141=Francis Tudor) in a passage marked "Illumination" (again 141) shows Christian a picture of a "grave and noble personage," who is numerically identified as Verulam. De Foe then takes Alexander Selkirk's story, and makes it an allegory of a great lonely spirit. Robinson (Elizabeth called Leicester "Robin")=100,=Francis Bacon. De Foe had a friend named Timothy Cruso. He pays a compliment to his friend by adding an E to the name (Crusoe=77). "Robinson" (Francis Bacon) now becomes "Robinson Crusoe (177=William Shakespeare). "Man Friday" (86=Verulam) pretends to be an angel come to rescue "Robinson Crusoe" (William Shakespeare). Even the parrot jests on the subject. After I first used this as the basis of a Personal advertisement carrying cipher, over a year ago, there were numerous jokes in the Press about a mysterious parrot, who would not speak (perhaps because he could not), all carrying cipher. "If only that beak would Speak!" was a jesting reference to the B.B.C. parrot who refused to broadcast.

Swift's "Gulliver" (100=Francis Bacon) is the next important allegory. It shows a giant tied down by a race of pigmies, and his appeal for freedom in the Lilliputian language gives some interesting numerical revelations. Several of Swift's other works and poems refer to the great mystery in obvious allegories which are confirmed by the use of the numerical cipher. Pope's "Essay on Man," which mentions Bacon openly, and admiringly, is a long friendly argument about Bacon's warning against self-love (self-conceit) and uses the cipher apparently right through. Hence Pope's remark, "I lisped in numbers, for the numbers came." There have been many lispings advertisements in the Personal columns during the last two years, such as "Who ith Thylvia?" and after many others, "Thylvia, I hope you understand that I belong to the Anthient Order of Lithperth, who can only write ath they thpeak" (who can only write in cipher?) P. G. Wodehouse adopted this lisp in a humorous commentary on the "Talkies" in the *Mail* recently.

All our leading poets seem to have been in the great conspiracy, and to have used this cipher in their allegorical tributes. James Shirley, the St. Albans schoolmaster, who set up as a playwright in Gray's Inn in 1623, wrote the well-known lines commencing, "The glories of our blood and state, are shadows, not substantial things"; which carry this cipher. So does Gray's *Elegy*. Burns "O, my luv's like a red, red rose that's newly sprung in June!" also uses the cipher. Someone gave this hint, and many others, in the *Times* Personal column.

Keats's last sonnet, "Bright Star! would I were steadfast as thou art," written in his pocket Shakespeare, carries the cipher. Wordsworth's "Fair Star of Evening! Splendour of the West!" is another beautiful example. So is Matthew Arnold's sonnet to Shakespeare, "Others abide our question—Thou art free." Cardinal Newman's sonnet, "Substance and Shadow," beginning "They do but grope in learning's pedant round," is another. I have deciphered all these and many others right through. Newman also wrote: "What do we know of Shakespeare? Is he much more than a name, *vox et præterea nihil*? Is not the traditional object of an Englishman's idolatry after all a nebula of genius destined like Homer to be resolved into its separate and independent luminaries, as soon as we have a criticism powerful enough for the purpose? *I must not be supposed for a moment to countenance such a criticism myself*, though it is a subject worthy the attention of a sceptical age." This carries a cipher declaration about the hidden royal authorship right through.

Coleridge—("Notes on Shakespeare"). "What; are we to have miracles in sport? Does God choose idiots by whom to convey divine truths to man?" Counting the letters in the Elizabethan 24-lettered alphabet, and substituting names in K cipher (as previously explained) "What, are we to have Francis Bacon, Francis Tudor, William Shakespeare?"

Isaac Disraeli ("Curiosities of Literature") on Bacon: "This '*servant of posterity*,' as he prophetically called *himself*, sustained his mighty spirit with the confidence of

his posthumous *greatness*. Ever were *THE TIMES SUCCEEDING in his mind.*" In cipher this reads, "This Francis Tudor, he prophetically called Francis the First, with the confidence of his posthumous Shakespeare. Ever were William Shakespeare, Francis Bacon." His son, Lord Beaconsfield, wrote: "'And who is Shakespeare,' said Cadurcis. . . 'Did he write half the plays attributed to him? Did he ever write a single whole play? I doubt it. . . .'" This again in the complete passage makes the usual Rosicrucian declaration in cipher.

Gladstone's comment on the controversy, "*Considering what Bacon was, I have always regarded your discussion as one perfectly serious and to be respected.*" Cipher reading: "Fra Rosicrosse always regarded Francis Bacon as one Francis Bacon, Francis Tudor King of England." Oliver Wendell Holmes: "Our Shakespearean scholars hereabouts are very impatient whenever the question of the authorship of the Plays and Poems is even alluded to. It must be spoken of, whether they like it or not. We'll have a starling shall be taught to speak nothing but Verulam, whenever William Shakespeare is mentioned." This again carries a cipher about the royal authorship. John Bright's statement, "Any man who believes that William Shakespeare of Stratford wrote Hamlet or Lear, is a fool," and Walt Whitman's "Firmly convinced that Shakspeare of Stratford could not have been the author," both appear to carry cipher declarations.

Charles Lamb's Essay on *Roast Pig* (100=Francis Bacon) may be the reason why Captain Hook in "Peter Pan," according to Sir J. M. Barrie in the *Times*, about a year ago, read a paper on "Roast Pig" when he revisited his old School at Eton. The most amusing "leg-pull" is "The Posthumous Papers of the Pickwick Club." Dickens published a statement that "the life of Shakespeare is a fine mystery. I tremble every day lest something should turn up." This says in Simple cipher, "Francis Bacon King of England a William Shakespeare! Francis Tudor! something should turn up." It did when Mr. Pickwick (whose prototype exists in Fleet Street to-day) bought an alleged Roman relic with "B I L S T U M P S H I S

M A R K'' cut on it. He rushed back to town and read a paper on his discovery. Mr. Blotton (Blot on history?—Blotton=92, Bacon in the Reverse cipher) sprayed common sense on the discovery, pointing out that it was a door-step on which a labourer had not been able to spell his own name properly—that he had left out the second L in Bill. "Bill" (33=Bacon) "Stumps his Mark" (177=William Shakespeare) was Dickens's satire on the Stratford will and John Bull's attitude towards the Shakespeare mystery. It will be remembered that Mr. Blotton was immediately expelled from the Society, although he protested that he only meant it in a *Pickwickian* (103=Shakespeare) sense; and that *seventeen learned societies wrote papers on the discovery*—a deadly satire on British scholarship.

"Alice's adventures in *Wonderland* (103=Shakespeare) is another delightful satire on the angry passions and false logic of the so-called Shakespearean authorities. Even the baby turns into a pig: "The time has come, the Walrus said, to speak of many things, of shoes and ships and sealing-wax, and cabbages and *kings*, and why the sea is boiling hot, *and whether pigs have wings*," like all the other nonsensical verses carries a cipher statement.

The garden scene, as *Punch* suggested a few months ago, deals with the wars of the Roses, the angry Queen symbolises Queen Elizabeth; and the mock trial of the Knave of Hearts satirizes Verulam's mock trial. This method is in use to-day. Arnold Bennett's "Buried Alive" (103=Shakespeare) is a good modern example. Priam Farll (100=Francis Bacon) sees his rogue of a servant, Henry Leek (97=Shakspeare, of Stratford), who has been masquerading as his master, buried in Westminster Abbey as himself. Farll hates publicity, and afterwards has the utmost difficulty in proving his identity. Bennett always refers to Shakespeare, in print, as "Shakspere."

This method is in daily use in the Press. On October 26th, 1927, Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis published on the leader page of the *Mail* a long reproduction of an Elizabethan pamphlet of 1627. "A Hue and Cry; or a true Relation of the *Flight and Death* of Madam Courtesy; how she suffer'd at the hands of the Publique and was thrice

ston'd in Leadenhall Street; and after fled the country," etc., which is an allegorical account of Bacon's treatment by his countrymen, and which uses cipher. I had sent D.B.W.L. cipher notes some time previously, which he courteously and appreciatively acknowledged. After I had described in BACONIANA how I had spent six months in the British Museum Library applying Bacon's inductive method to the examination of Elizabethan evidence, and after I had failed to persuade any London paper to consider the publication of matter on the subject, the following appeared in the *Mail*:

"To-day's Fable. THE ODD PERSON. There was once a man dodging about in a library, up to the ankles in dusty parchments and rolls of yellowing paper. And a History Don, perceiving him, approached and courteously asked him what he was doing.

'Why,' said the man, 'I am interested in the History of England, and it is my habit to go to the original sources for it, rather than trust official histories, written by propagandists, axe-grinders, and plain liars.' At this the Don turned very pale; but as he did so a couple of men in uniform burst in at the door and seized the man, saying reassuringly to the Don, 'That's all right, Sir. 'E got away accidental. 'E's all right right now. We got 'im. 'E's quite harmless, Sir.'

And the Don waved a cheerful hand, for he was naturally benevolent, though his heart was weak and easily upset; especially at the sight of documents of any description. And the man suffered himself to be led away without violence. Moral: There is always a natural explanation for seemingly supernatural phenomena. (Rev. Dr. Gowle) D.B.W.L."

Another example, January 27th, 1928. *"To-day's Fable.* MODERN STYLE. Around the base of a tall rock, weatherbeaten, but massive and impregnable (the British Empire and Verulam?) a crowd of ants ran to and fro all day long, very busy and important. And one day a stranger ant from a neighbouring colony called on them and said curiously: 'What, by the way, is this tremendous affair? Rock or something, isn't it?' At this an extremely prim, precise and donnish ant, to whom all the

rest paid marked respect, stopped and, gazing up with elaborate surprise, observed, in a cutting voice: '*I—see nothing—there—whatsoever.*' And all the other ants chimed in, crying: 'Certainly! What on earth . . .! There's nothing there!' And they went on running to and fro. Moral! Ignore it. D.B.W.L.'" Both of these, like hundreds of other examples during the last two years, make an amusing use of the cipher.

THE LAST CHAPTER IN THE GREAT JOKE.

After a somewhat unaccountable delay, the rebuilding of the Stratford Memorial Theatre is now being commenced. The bulk of the funds have come from America. Certain so-called literary authorities have several times charged Great Britain with meanness in not supporting this fund, quite overlooking that millions of Britons have heard the semi-humorous acceptance of the Baconian authorship broadcast on two occasions. The *Daily Mail* published in its leader page recently the uncontradicted statement that "Bacon wrote Shakespeare *whatever* they say." There have been dozens of other similar references. The Prince of Wales, with all present, laughed heartily at George Moore's play, "The Making of an Immortal," last spring, when Queen Elizabeth ridiculed the idea of Shakspeare writing the Plays.

Let Stratford have its Theatre by all means. It is a beautiful situation for summer productions, and many will revisit the spot when they know all the details of the enforced joke (shown on the Tomb) which caused the long-suffering genius who wrote the Plays to make use of "Immortal William," even if he did hold his marital responsibilities lightly, and his money tightly. Many Baconians will not readily forget how courteously Stratford treated poor martyred Delia Bacon. St. Albans apparently is not interested in the question of authorship. But London is, and should have its National Theatre too. This is only one of many reasons why the justice that he claimed should be given to the world's greatest genius, who was an English Prince, and who sacrificed his own immediate interests for the benefit of what he hoped would be a more enlightened posterity.

THE SLAYING OF CHRISTOPHER MARLOW.

By "SCEPTIC."

THE Death of Christopher Marlowe," by J. Leslie Hotson, Ph.D., Harvard University, published in 1925, sets out to clear up the mystery attaching to the unfortunate end of Marlow, but leaves much to be yet cleared up. On page 198 of Mrs. Gallup's third edition of "The Biliteral Cypher of Francis Bacon," a transcription of the cypher, decoded from "As You Like It" (Shakespeare), Bacon is made to declare that the slayer of Marlowe was none other than Francis Archer. Ignatius Donnelly, in the "Great Cryptogram," vol. ii., p. 691, also deciphers, by a different cryptographical method, a statement to precisely the same effect. Now, Dr. Hotson comes forward and says, with some show of reason, that the actual slayer of Marlow was Francis *Frezer*, as may be seen by a reference to the burial register at S. Nicholas Church, Deptford. He contends that, notwithstanding the apparent similarity in Elizabethan caligraphy of *Archer* and *Frezer* (by which any untrained observer of the peculiar handwriting of the period might easily be mistaken), the entry is unquestionably the latter because he has made the further remarkable discovery of the pardon by Queen Elizabeth of one Ingramus (not Francis) Frizer, on its being proved by witnesses that the killing of Marlow was accidental and in self-defence (Patent Rolls 1401).

Now, it also happens that the name entered in the pardon of the Queen is that of Christopher *Morley* and not Marlow at all. But a citation is made of the slaying at Deptford. It also happens that there was a Christopher Morley living at the time, who was a scholar of Trinity College, Cambridge, and who took his degree of B.A. in

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1582. The Coroner at Deptford also spelt the name Christofero Morley, and it is not quite clear that the name, as Dr. Hotson assumes, was intended for Christopher Marlow.*

While not being desirous of under-rating the painstaking researches of Dr. Hotson, in the attempt to elucidate the peculiar mystery of "Marlowe's" life and death, we do not think that he has cleared up this mystery for all time, but rather that his labors have only made the mystery deeper than before, just as every excursion into Baconian mysteries lands us all into greater difficulties and greater perplexities. It is still not certain that Francis Archer was not the slayer of Marlow of Canterbury, and it is not improbable that there is a deeper mystery involved in the incident than has ever yet transpired, just as we find concerning the deaths of Shakspeare of Stratford afterwards and of Spenser previously. It is also worth noting that there were two Edmund Spensers in the world of affairs at the time of Elizabeth.

* The spelling of Marlowe's name in the Baptism register at Canterbury is rendered as *Marlow*.

OBITUARY NOTICES.

We have to record the great loss, by death, of Sir George Greenwood, one of the most notable figures in the "Shakespeare" authorship controversy. He died suddenly of heart failure on October 27th last, at his residence in Linden Gardens, at the age of 78. Until the last, he was an indefatigable worker in many fields, but was chiefly known, as the *Times* says, for his ardent advocacy of the Baconian authorship of the plays usually attributed to Shakespeare.

He was the second son of Mr. John Greenwood, Q.C., of the Western Circuit, for many years Solicitor to the Treasury. He was born on Jan. 3rd, 1850, and was sent to Eton in 1862, to Mr. Evans' "dame's" house, the Rev. E. D. Stone being his tutor. He played in Field XI. in 1868, and was in the "select" for the Newcastle scholarship in 1869. He went up to Trinity College, Cambridge, as a foundation scholar, and took his degree with a first class in the classical tripos in 1873. Called to the Bar by the Middle Temple in 1876, he joined the Western Circuit, and was appointed an Assistant Commissioner of Charities in 1884. He was an original member of the Eighty Club before the election of 1880, and contested Peterborough in 1886 and Central Hull in 1900. In 1906 he won the seat at Peterborough for the Liberals and held it until December, 1918. He was knighted in 1916. In the House, Sir George was considered a high authority on procedure. His works written to expose the Stratford-on-Avon myth included "The Shakespeare Problem Restated," "In *re* Shakespeare," "The Vindicators of Shakespeare," "Is there a Shakespeare Problem?" "Shakespeare's Law," "Ben Jonson and Shakespeare," "The Shakspeare Signatures and Sir Thomas More," and "The Stratford Bust and the Droeshout Engraving." He was also devoted to the protection of

dumb animals, and was actively connected with the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty. He married Laura Trent, daughter of the late Dr. Cumberbatch, and had one son and three daughters.

We regret to announce, also, the death, at the age of 75, of one of our distinguished Vice-Presidents, Basil Edwin Lawrence, LL.D., at his home at Dial Close, Cookham Dene, Berks., on Dec. 10th, 1928. The funeral took place at Golders Green Crematorium, on 14th Dec., at 2 o'clock p.m.

After many years of acute suffering, Mrs. Dora Jane Kindersley, one of our oldest and most devoted members, also passed away on Dec. 18th, 1928, at Gywdyr Mansions, Hove. She was the widow of John Robert Kindersley, late Judge of the Madras High Court. Many years ago she rendered great assistance to Mrs. Elizabeth Wells Gallup in deciphering old Elizabethan books at the British Museum Library, and it was from her own copy of the 1625 edition of Bacon's *Essays* that the deciphered transcription was made. Her intellect was as keen as her nature was gentle, and all who knew her will mourn her loss.

H.S.

In Memoriam.

SIR GEORGE G. GREENWOOD.

OCTOBER 27TH, 1928.

*“ Under the greenwood tree,
Who loves to lie with me,
And tune his merry note
Unto the sweet bird's throat,
Come hither, come hither, come hither;
Here shall he see
No enemy,
But winter and rough weather.”*

And has he gone, dear perfect gentle knight,
Most valiant and courteous of all
Who couched a lance in that unending fight,
For truth and kindness, whose trumpet-call
Fires men to seek the field where heroes fall,
Even to-day, for reason and for right?
He is not dead, our friend holds festival
With Britain's poet in the spheres of light,
Where the Great Law-Giver and angels throng,
Whence Verulam looks down with pitying gaze,
Upon the realm which during ages long,
Misreads the message of the wondrous plays,
Whose wit and genius, like a deathless flame,
Shall yet irradiate his darkened name.

LABEO.

PRÉFACE.

POUR LA NOUVELLE TRADUCTION DE SHAKESPEARE DE FRANÇOIS-VICTOR HUGO.

“ I L y a des problèmes dans la Bible ; il y en a dans Homère ; on connaît ceux de Dante, il existe en Italie des chaires publiques d'interprétation de la *Divine Comédie*. Les obscurités propres à Shakespeare, aux divers points de vue nous venons d'indiquer, ne sont pas moins abstruses. Comme la question biblique, comme la question homérique, comme la question dantesque, la question shakespearienne existe. L'étude de cette question est préalable à la traduction. Il faut d'abord se mettre au fait de Shakespeare.

Pour pénétrer la question shakespearienne et, dans la mesure du possible, la résoudre, toute une bibliothèque est nécessaire. Historiens à consulter, depuis Hérodote jusqu'à Hume, poètes, depuis Chaucer jusqu'à Coleridge, critiques, éditeurs, commentateurs, nouvelles, romans, chroniques, drames, comédies, ouvrages en toutes langues, documents de toutes sortes, pièces justificatives de ce génie. On l'a fort accusé ; il importe d'examiner son dossier. Au British Museum, un compartiment est exclusivement réservé aux ouvrages qui ont rapport quelconque avec Shakespeare.

Ces ouvrages veulent être, les uns vérifiés, les autres approfondis. Labeur âpre et sérieux, et plein de complications. Sans compter les registres du chef de troupe Henslowe, sans compter les registres de Stratford, sans compter les archives de Bridgewater House, sans compter le Journal de Symon Forman. Il n'est pas inutile de confronter les dires de tous ceux qui ont essayé d'analyser Shakespeare, à commencer par Addison dans le *Spectator*, et à finir par Jancourt dans l'*Encyclopédie*, Shakespeare a été, en France, en Allemagne, en Angleterre, très souvent jugé, très souvent condamné, très souvent exécuté ; il faut savoir par qui et comment. Ou il s'inspire, ne le chercher pas, c'est en lui-même ; mais où il puise, tachez de le

decouvrir. Le vrai traducteur doit faire effort pour lire tout ce que Shakespeare a lu.

Il y a là pour le songeur des sources, et pour le piocheur des trouvailles.

Les lectures de Shakespeare étaient variées et profondes. Cet inspiré était un étudiant.

Faites donc ses études si vous voulez le connaître. Avoir lu Belleforest ne suffit pas, il faut lire Plutarque; avoir lu Montaigne ne suffit pas, il faut lire Saxo Grammaticus; avoir lu Erasme ne suffit pas, il faut lire Agrippa; avoir lu Froissard ne suffit pas, il faut lire Plaute; avoir lu Baccace ne suffit pas, il faut lire saint Augustin. Il faut lire tous les cancioneros et tous les fabliaux, Huon de Bordeaux, la belle Jehanne, le Comte de Poitiers, le miracle de Notre-Dame, la légende du Renard, le roman de la violette, la romance du Vieux-Manteau. Il faut lire Robert Wace, il faut lire Thomas Rymer. Il faut lire Boèce, Laneham, Spenser, Marlowe, Geoffrey de Monmouth, Gilbert de Montreuil, Holinshed, Amyot, Giraldi Cinthio, Pierre Boistean, Arthur Brooke, Bandello, Luigi da Porto.

Il faut lire Benoist de Saint Maur, sir Nicholas Lestrangle, Paynter, Comines, Monstrelet, Grove, Stubbes, Strype, Thomas Morus et Ovide. Il faut lire Graham d'Aberfoyle et Straparole. J'en passe.

On aurait tort de laisser de côté Webster, Cavendish, Gower, Tarleton, George Wheatstone, Reginald Scott, Nicholas et sir Thomas North, Alexandre Silvayn veut être feuilleté. Les *Papiers de Sidney* sont utiles. Un livre contrôle l'autre. Les textes s'entr'éclaircissent. Rien à négliger dans ce travail.

Figurez-vous une lecture dont le diamètre va du *Gesta romanorum* à la *Demonologie de Jacques VI*.

Arriver à comprendre Shakespeare, telle est la tâche. Toute cette erudition a ce but: parvenir à un poète. C'est le chemin de pierres de ce paradis. Forgez-vous un clef de science pour ouvrir cette poésie."

According to Victor Hugo *Shakespeare* must have been a great reader, and yet *Shakspeare* never mentions his books in his will or anywhere else.

SHAKESPEAREANS AT WAR.

MR. J. M. ROBERTSON'S BOMBHELL.

(From *The Manchester City News*, Saturday, January 12th, 1929.)

The Stockport Garrick Society is in the midst of a Shakespearean controversy which seems likely to rock its very foundations. It came about in this way. Mr. J. M. Robertson, one of the most scholarly of writers, and a gentleman of unimpeachable orthodoxy, happened to engage in some original research, and was startled to discover that the genuine Shakespeare touch could not be traced in the majority of the dramas bearing the famous label. Whereupon he wrote a book, in which he showed that the plays might be the work of Marlowe, Ford, Heywood, Webster, and others, but in the majority of cases were not Shakespeare's. One way and another he so reduced the claim that out of the thirty-six famous dramas he could only attribute some half-dozen to the Stratford genius. This caused consternation among the elect. Had the pronouncement been made by some pestilent Baconian it would, of course, have been met with the usual logical reply of "Knave" or "Fool," and there the matter would have triumphantly ended. But it was a little more difficult to dispose of Mr. Robertson because he has hitherto been one of the Shakespearean stalwarts, has been hailed as an authority, has been quoted as the unassailable champion of orthodox belief. No wonder, then, there is perturbation in the camp of the faithful.

A CHAMPION TAKES THE FIELD.

In last month's "Garrick Magazine" Mr. J. W. Hartley set forth in simple and naked style the horrifying conclusions this apostate had reached, and, what is more, and worse, hinted that he thought the case had been made out. What Mr. Robertson relies upon is the internal evidence of literary style, on which subject he is an admitted master, as his previous volumes have shown. Mr. Hartley's article has drawn forth a vigorous reply from Mr. Channon Collinge in the new number of the "Garrick." His reply chiefly takes the form of quoting what other people have said in praise of the dramas bearing Shakespeare's name, beginning with Francis Meres and coming down to Professor Walter Raleigh and Sir Sidney Lee. All very good and plausible, but the point that Mr. Collinge overlooks is that this testimony does not touch the question of the authorship. It is only a tribute to the plays themselves, and would be just as valid and as valuable had they been the compositions of Brown, Jones or Robinson. Francis Meres, for instance, does not give us the slightest hint that he knew who Shakespeare was; he simply records that the works passing under his name were sweet as honey, which is quite correct. We get no nearer the author by reading the eulogies of the works of Lee, Raleigh, Dowden, and the rest, and their praise would be quite as just if they were the composition of Marlowe and Webster. The fact has to be faced that there were scarcely any direct contemporary references to

Shakespeare as the dramatist, and that he was not identified during his lifetime except as an actor, a shareholder in the theatres, a man of property, a maltster, and a money-lender. He may have written "Hamlet" and "Othello" in the intervals of a very busy commercial life, but evidence is sadly lacking. It is one thing to attribute the plays to him, and another thing to prove his hand penned them. He inadvertently forgot to mention them in his Will, which is to be regretted, as it would have saved tons of argument, and rendered Mr. Robertson's volume supererogatory. However, the combat deepens, and may grow fiercer with each succeeding issue of the "Garrick Magazine." On, Hartley, on! Charge, Collinge, charge! It is at least good fun to the onlookers.

There is, of course, a very simple solution to the whole problem, but no doubt the violent controversialists prefer something more complex—and quite unsatisfying.

JANUS.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE SEVENTEENTH EARL OF OXFORD, 1550—1604. BY B. M. WARD. John Murray, 21s. net.

This book, recently published, is a history of the life of Edward de Vere. It is the result of five years close study of contemporary documents and contains a vast amount of information which has not hitherto been made public. The author has arrived at the conclusions:

1. That the Earl of Oxford was the editor of an anthology entitled "A Hundreth Sundrie Flowers," published in 1573, and that sixteen of the poems published in the book were written by him.

2. That Oxford's cousin John, Lord Lumley (1532—1608), was the author of "The arte of English Poesie," published in 1589, which has hitherto been attributed to one of the two Puttenham's, Richard or George.

After taking his degree at Oxford Edward de Vere was admitted to Gray's Inn where he formed one of a group of young bloods who played a great part in that age of adventure, while some of them aspired to be poets and dramatists. In 1589 "Oxford received the most striking testimonial to his literary abilities that was ever bestowed on an Elizabethan man of letters by one of his contemporaries." In those days it is well known that men of rank frequently published their works anonymously or under pseudonyms. In this book readers are left to draw their own conclusions as to any part that may have been played by Oxford in these concealments. At the hands of his contemporaries he received both scurrilous abuse and unstinted praise. The author is of opinion that most of the charges made against him are without foundation. Although little mention is made of Francis Bacon in the volume it cannot fail to be deeply interesting to Baconians because it throws strong side lights on events which occurred during the life of the greatest of Englishmen and deals with personages who were intimately associated with him.

J.A.C.

ANSWERS TO QUERIES.

“MOSES.”—The passage referred to is given in a poem, by Mr. Abraham Cowley, to the Royal Society, as follows:

From these, and all long errors of the way,
In which our wand'ring predecessors went,
And like th' old Hebrews many years did stray
In deserts but of small extent,
Bacon, like Moses, led us forth at last,
The barren wilderness he passed,
Did on the very border stand
Of the blest promis'd land,
And, from the mountain's top of his exalted wit,
Saw it himself, and shew'd us it.

J. COBB.—According to Mrs. Nesta H. Webster, the “Rose-Croix degree” in British Masonry was only incorporated so late as 1846.

THOS. HARVEY.—The earliest letter of Francis Bacon that we know of is in the Fitzwilliam Museum at Cambridge, being one written from Cambridge at the age of 13 requesting his brother Nicholas for a buck promised to his cousin Sharpe. It is dated July, 1574.

F. GRINDALL.—Robert Cecil spelt his name *Cecyll* in a document to be seen at Glastonbury Museum.

PHILIP.—Francis Bacon erected a memorial to Sir Amyas Paulet in the Chancel of St. Martin's Church, London.

“SOUP.”—The fateful ring which Elizabeth is reputed to have given to Essex, and about the truth of which Mr. Lytton Strachy doubts, was sold at Christie and Manson's in 1911 for 3,250 guineas. It was from the Tynne Collection. It was resold at Christie's a year or two back for a much smaller sum, and was repurchased to become a gift to the nation.

CORRESPONDENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.

“THE HIDDEN HAND.”

Dear Sirs,

In your last issue there appeared, under the above heading, an article that can only have done incalculable harm to the Baconian cause.

It consisted in a virulent attack upon the Jewish race, which, whatever its faults may be, has given us many shining literary lights.

The Jews are accused of deliberately and maliciously conspiring against those who are endeavouring to obtain acceptance of our theory concerning the authorship of “Shakespeare.” In the endeavour to establish this offensive and entirely uncalled-for charge the writer, in his search for a motive, pretends to find it in the alleged fact that certain “sacred Jewish symbols” were used by Bacon in his “1911 Spenser”; and he says that while the Jews no doubt acquiesced at the time (being subservient) in this “exploitation of their most secret religious tenets” the Jew is now “top dog,” and, to put it in the vernacular, is “getting his own back.” It is asserted that the Jews control the Press, and so on.

In the first place I do not for a moment suppose that Bacon ever made any improper use of any knowledge concerning Jewish religious ceremonies that he may have gained. In the second place if he had done this, and the Jews knew that he wrote “Shakespeare,” then, long ago, all the world would have been made aware of the fact, and there would be no further need for the Bacon Society!

The suggestion that the Press of this country is mainly controlled by Jews is false. The remarkable thing is not the number of Jewish newspaper proprietors, but that so few of them are of that race.

No! Our friend must look elsewhere for the explanation of why it is that the Press is less ready than he would have them be to espouse a cause which after all aims at the dissolution of a time honoured belief—fallacy though it be. If he would look nearer at home he might partly discover it in the many patently ridiculous arguments that, unfortunately, are so frequently employed by Baconians in the desire to convert others to the faith.

If he, and other members, would keep to more readily demonstrable facts and logical arguments, instead of endeavouring to force acceptance of views that can only be described as strained and exotic, he would have less to complain of concerning the attitude of the Press, and would not need to be gratuitously offensive to a great people.

Yours faithfully,

H. BRIDGEWATER.

N.B.—By the way, was not Christ a Jew?

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.

BACON'S ESSAYS.

Sirs,—In the Second Edition of Bacon's "Essays," which is very rare, is written in a 17th century hand a short poem of sufficient merit to bear printing (probably for the first time) in full.

"'Tis merry when Joviall Maltmen meeete,
 Who knows what haps to morrowe?
 An ounce of debt was nere seene yet
 Paid by pound of sorrowe.
 The times are strange and in their course
 Unstable and unknowne:—
 And all the best grow worse and worse:
 No man's sure with his owne.
 War and commotion stab our peace,
 And bosome foes disturbe us;
 Till these sad differences cease,
 Our feares will ever curbe us."

The word Maltmen in the first line seems curious.

Gosforth. Yours truly,
M. STOREY.

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.*

Sirs,—Here is a suggested interpretation of R.H., Esq. (Author of "Continuation of Bacon's New Atlantis.") Reading 5 to right and 6 to left in Bacon's Secret Cabala:

5 to right: $3 + 12 + 15 + 2 + 4 = 36$

6 to left $14 + 23 + 3 + 13 + 15 = 67$

$36 + 67 = 103 = \text{Shakespeare (in Simple Cipher).}$

Q.E.D.

Torquay. Yours,
R.H.

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.

Sirs.,—I often look at Mr. Seymour's article on those fascinating little acrostics, and should like to point out one other in *Edward II.*, perhaps better than the one shewn as it has not the parenthesis:

War. But say, my lord—
Arch. At the new Temple—
Y. Mor. Content.

Also one in *Faustus*.

Faust. Now will I make an end immediately.
Meph. O, what will I not do to obtain his soul!
Faust. Consumatum est; this bill is ended,
 And Faustus hath bequeathed his soul to Lucifer.
 But what is this inscription on my arm?
 Hemo, fuge: whither should I fly?

"Fuge" or fly is the word infolded by Bacon himself in the example of his cypher given in *De Augmentis* and might be a signal.

Yours, etc.,
 W. H. DENNING.

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.

Sirs.—Since writing the letter on The Satyricon of "Petronius Arbiter," which appeared in your June number (page 233), and which was also published in the *New York Times* of Feb. 19th of this year, I have come across a corroboration of my guess that it may have been one of Bacon's *falsified date and name works*.

There is a copy of John Barclay's *Argenis* in Bacon's handwriting in the Henry C. Folger Library (which copy was recently the property of William T. Smedley, author of "The Mystery of Francis Bacon.") The Bacon cipher history relates that Francis Bacon simply affixed Barclay's name after composing "Barclay's" *Argenis*. *The Argenis MS. in Sir Francis' own handwriting would seem to authenticate the cipher history.*

In the Cambridge History of English Literature, vol. IV., is a chapter on Robert Burton, John Barclay, and John Owen. Of Barclay's "picaresque novel or real life," his "Euphormicnis Satyricon", the reviewer says:—"In the mixture of verse and prose, and in style and expression, *Barclay betrays frequent reminiscences of PETRONIUS*, while adhering to his own standards of decency."

It seems likely that my guess may be correct that Bacon falsified the date and attributed his first "Satyricon" to Petronius Arbiter of Nero's day (of whose authenticity as author two commentators, Firebaugh and Whibley, express doubt, and one of whom, Whibley says "Petronius is as secret as Shakespeare.") If Bacon wrote Barclay's *Argenis*, a copy of which is in this country in Bacon's hand writing, why not Barclay's "SATYRICON" also; and as the so-called "Barclay" Satyricon "betrays frequent reminiscences of Petronius", there you have a likely enough corroboration of the possibility of Bacon's having written the Satyricon of "Petronius Arbiter."

New York, U.S.A.

HAROLD SHAFTER HOWARD.

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.

Sirs,—In a book published some short time ago I endeavoured to show that the "Labeo" mentioned in the Satires of Hall and the Satires of Marston was the author of *Venus and Adonis* and of *Lucrece*, and that "Labeo" was Francis Bacon.

I have nothing to add as to the first point, but with regard to the second I should like to draw attention to the following:

By the simple English Cabala "Labeo" is $11 + 1 + 2 + 5 + 14 = 33$.
 $33 =$ "Bacon," by the simple English Cabala.

By the Secret Cabala "Labeo" is $14 + 24 + 23 + 20 + 11 = 92$.
 $92 =$ "Bacon," by the Secret Cabala.

By the Kay Cabala "Labeo" is $11 + 27 + 28 + 31 + 14 = 111$.
 $111 =$ "Bacon," by the Kay Cabala.

By the simple Latin Cabala "Labeo" is $10 + 1 + 2 + 5 + 13 = 31$.
 $31 =$ "Bacon," by the simple Latin Cabala.

By the ordinary Latin Cabala "Labeo" is $20 + 1 + 2 + 5 + 50 = 78$.
 $78 = 2(6 + 33)$.
 $6 + 33 =$ "F. Bacon."

BASIL E. LAWRENCE.

TO THE EDITORS OF BACONIANA.
TWELFTH NIGHT.

Sirs,—Under the title, EARLY MAPS AT THE MUSEUM. THE MAP OF MALVOLIO'S FACE, *The Observer* of July 22, 1928, tells of a famous map shown there prepared for the second edition of Richard Hakluyt's "Principal Navigations," which is thought to be the one to which Maria likened Malvolio's face. "He does smile his face into more lines than the new map with the augmentations of the Indies." In reply *The Observer* printed the following letter from me, but with a certain omission which renders it hardly as instructive as it might be:—

Dear Sir,—With regard to the lines of Malvolio's face, and the lines in the new map referred to by Maria in "Twelfth Night," mentioned in last Sunday's *Observer*, I believe them to be those engraved by Jodocus Hondius, 1597, four years before "Twelfth Night" was produced for the amusement of the aged and broken Queen Elizabeth.

He copied them from the first globe made in England, preserved in the Library of the Middle Temple. Its blue lines showed the famous voyage of the second English circumnavigator of the globe, Captain Thomas Cavendish. He was the discoverer of the Island of St. Helena and the first adventurer planter of Virginia, and he gave the name of Cavendish to the tobacco produced there. His voyage made a great sensation, as seen by Captain Francis Allen's letter to Anthony Bacon, August 17, 1589. "The passing up the river of Thames by Mr. Cavendish is famous, for his mariners and soldiers were clothed in silk, his sails of damask, the topmasts cloth of gold, and the richest prize that ever was brought at one time into England."

Shakespeare once more connects Maria with Cavendish when Sir Toby says: "How now, my nettle of India?" Indian tobacco and snuff is described by the old herbalists as "biting in taste and not a little hot."—Yours faithfully,

July 23, 1928.

ALICIA A. LEITH.

I received a polite letter of regret that owing to want of space my letter was curtailed. I append the omission suggesting a far closer link connecting Maria with Cavendish than now appears. "Twelfth Night," according to tradition, was a skit on the personages of Elizabeth's Court. Maria says openly: "I am Mary," in other words Mary Cavendish, the shrewish wife of Gilbert Talbot, pronounced *Torby*, "eldest son of the eighth Earl of Shrewsbury." With this light on the words of Sir Toby, "How now, my nettle of India," meaning "sweet pungent Cavendish" (the tobacco to which Captain Thomas gave his own name), there is a very particular second link between Maria and Cavendish. Yours faithfully,

A.A.L.

TO THE EDITORS OF "BACONIANA."

Sirs,—In BACONIANA, 3rd Ser., vol. 16, p. 94, E. Bland Tucker enquires for information *re* an enigma.

The lines were printed in Grey's *Chorographia*, 1813 Ed., p. 12, also in Brand's *Hist. Newcastle-on-Tyne*, Vol. 1, p. 262; *Born's Hist. Mc.*, p. 57, etc., and are said to refer to the steeple of St Nicholas Church, Mc.

If Ben Jonson wrote the riddle, some other pen than his must subsequently have made the lines to halt. Yours truly,

PARKER BREWIS-

BACON SOCIETY LECTURES.

On September 6th, 1928, a lecture was to have been given by the President, Sir John Cockburn, but, owing to illness, the evening was devoted to a general talk and discussion on the Bacon-Shakespeare controversy by members and visitors. On October 4th, Mr. Henry Seymour lectured on "Parallels in the Lives of Scipio the Younger and Francis Bacon," to an appreciative audience, when an interesting discussion took place. On November 1st, Miss Alicia A. Leith gave a very excellent address on "The Drama: its Growth and Development," in which she traced the history of drama from the earliest times, through the miracle and morality plays, and down to the Elizabethan renaissance, in which she shewed that Bacon not only composed plays and masques for the Court, but played important parts in the same. On December 6th, Mr. Bertram G. Theobald, B.A., gave an interesting lantern lecture on "The Spenser Problem." A large number of slides exhibited many title-pages of Bacon and Shakespeare books in which the lecturer shewed the numerous cypher signatures of Bacon throughout all, particularly on those of Edmund Spenser, the various early editions shewing the signature in various and ingenious forms. On January 3rd, 1929, a further "Members' " Night was held, which brought forth many important points in the discussions. On February 7th, Mr. Horace Nickson is to lecture on "Bacon's Authorship of the Shakespeare Plays."

HARVEY AND THE CIRCULATION.

To the Editor of "The Herald":

I was very much interested in one of your leading articles on Harvey and the circulation of the blood. Would it interest any of your readers to know that the late John Elliotson declared that the circulation of the blood through the lungs had certainly been taught 70 years previously by Servetus, who was burned at the stake in 1553? Dr. Robert Willis asserts in his "Life of Harvey," that the facts of the circulation were familiarly known to most of his predecessors for a century previous to Harvey's time. Izaak Walton states that Harvey got the idea of circulation from Walter Warner the mathematician; and that eminent physician, Dr. John Hunter, remarks that Servetus first and Realdus Columbus afterwards clearly announced the circulation of the blood through the lungs; and Cisalpius, many years before Harvey, published in three different works all that was wanting in Servetus to make the circulation complete.

76 Harvey and the Circulation

The learned Chinese were impressed with this truth some 4,000 years before the Europeans knew of it. Plato affirmed: "The heart is the knot of the veins, and the fountain from whence the blood arises and briskly circulates through all the members." But Dr. Harvey did not need to have resorted to vivisection to make his so-called "discovery." All he had to do was to open his Shakespeare at *Coriolanus*, Act 1, Sc. 1, and read:

"I send it through the rivers of your blood,
Even to the court, the heart, to the seat o' the brain,
And, through the cranks and offices of man,
The strongest nerves and small inferior veins
From me receive that natural competency
Whereby they live."

Also in *Julius Caesar*, Act 2, Sc. 1:

"As dear to me as are the ruddy drops
That visit my sad heart."

And again in *King John*, Act 3, Sc. 3:

"Had bak'd thy blood, and made it heavy, thick,
Which, else, runs tickling up and down the veins."

These plays were being printed and acted while Harvey was a student at the University at Padua, I believe.

CATHERINE V. THOMPSON,
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NOTES AND NOTICES.

Our old and devoted member, Mr. George Rewcastle, of Seaham Harbour, passed away, we learn, last year, after a short illness. He left no relatives to mourn his loss, but those of our members who knew him will deeply regret his demise. *Requiescat in pace.*

Mr. Rewcastle was particularly devoted to the solution of anagrams, a great number of which he discovered in the "First Folio" revealing Francis Bacon as the concealed author. Early last year I sent him a copy of a very remarkable and important missive, supposed to contain this revelation from Francis Bacon's own hand. Those who remember the lectures of the late Sir Edwin Durning-Lawrence will possibly be reminded of a dramatic incident wherein he stated that he had been chosen to receive the manuscript with the unbroken seal of Francis Bacon intact, handed down from his time, and that it was to him "an instruction," certified by a Dr. Vavasour, who had possession of it in the early part of the 18th century, and that the publication of "Bacon is Shakespeare" was, in some way which I do not remember, connected with it. It is not known if Sir Edwin ever revealed to another the secret of its mysterious contents. I now fully understand why Mr. Rewcastle did not further communicate with me on the subject, more's the pity. The issue, in 1910, of "Bacon is Shakespeare," the secret cabala of which title is 287, was coincident with the fact that exactly 287 years had passed since the issue of the *First Folio* in 1623.

The gist of the mystery to the uninitiated consists in the correct anagrammatic solution of the following 98 letters, set out in this order:—

a a a a a a a a , b b,
c c c c , d d d d ,
e e e e e e e e e e e e ,
f f f f , g g , h h h h h ,
i i i i i i , k , l l l l l l l l l
m m m m m , n n n n n ,
o o o o o o o , P ,
r r r r r r , s s s s s s ,
t t t t t t , u , v v , y y , z .

"Properly combined will announce a curious and interesting discovery in Philosophy and the Arts, with the name and country of the Author."

Mrs. Kindersley, whose decease is mentioned on another page, very kindly offered, a few days before her death, to present a complete set of BACONIANA to any institution or library which the Bacon Society might recommend, and the gift has been accepted by the Public Library of the City of St. Albans.

"If Shakespeare Came to London" was the title of a Symposium in the *Morning Post* a few months ago. The witty lines below from one of the contributors are worth reproducing:—

"If Shakespeare came to London,
Some old creeds might be shaken;
Some famous doings undone;
Some critics proved mistaken.
Where would we hide,
If Shakespeare cried,
'I've come to say I'm Bacon?'"

Mr. Grant R. Francis, F.S.A., issued last autumn (Murray, 21s.) a remarkable volume entitled *Scotland's Royal Line*. Was James I. the legitimate son of Mary Stuart, or a substituted infant of unknown parentage? That is the question which the author sets out to discuss, with no little skill. The riddle has puzzled more than one Scotch historian, but Mr. Francis contributes the results of an exhaustive investigation into this topic. He sets up an hypothesis that if James was a substituted child, he was probably a younger brother of John, second Earl of Mar. In the pictures of both there are remarkable resemblances, "so extraordinary," the author says, "that it lends considerable support to the suggestion, and if the substitution were really made it would account for the considerable departure from the earlier Stuart type of features and coloring which is observable in James VI. and his descendants."

The author quotes an Erskine family tradition, passed on to him by the present Earl of Mar and Kellie, to the effect that the child of Mary, Queen of Scots, born on June 19th, 1566,—three months after the murder of Rizzio in her presence,—was either still born or died very early, and that his body was buried within the private apartments of Edinburgh Castle. In 1830, some workmen, it is said, in repairing a wall in the Royal apartments, found the skeleton of an infant, wrapped in a regally embroidered cloth, with the Royal monogram (of James V.?), "J.R." in gold upon it. The skeleton, it is suggested, was that of Mary's infant. John, the sixth Lord Erskine and first Earl of Mar, was one of the Queen's principal advisers at the time. The key to such a possibility is to be found in the fact that the death of Mary and the absence of a direct heir at the time would have possibly plunged Scotland into a civil war over the claims of four contending factions to the Succession.

At the Annual Dinner of the "Gallery First-Nighters' Club" at Frascati's last year, Mr. Arthur Were, in proposing the toast of "The Drama," made an unusually intelligent speech, in which occurred these words:—"Shakespeare in modern costume is a 'wash-out.' To bring *Macbeth* up to date, the Macbeths should catch old Duncan when he is having a hot bath, and sit upon him until he is drowned. Then, *The Taming of the Shrew* in modern attire is nothing new. Many a married man has tried to play the part at home, and his wife has laid him out with a flat iron! Fortune does not always favor the brave. . . . Tons of money are to be spent on building a Shakespeare Mausoleum at Stratford-on-

Avon for the benefit of American tourists, but the foundation stone of the London Memorial Theatre is still resting peacefully in the quarry at Portland. Now I have been wondering whether the dilatory committee of the Fund have been reading a book called 'Bacon is Shakespeare' and are afraid of erecting a memorial to the wrong poet. In this book the author proved (to his own satisfaction, anyway,) that the plays were written by Lord Bacon, that Shakespeare was a very illiterate person, a Frothblower of Stratford-on-Avon, who was often 'canned to the wide.' "

The annual meeting of the Bacon Society will take place at Canonbury Tower, on Thursday, March 7th, at 7 p.m., when the audited balance sheet for the last year will be presented. The election of officers for the current year will also take place, and members are requested to turn up in strength. It may be remarked that only those members who are not in arrears with subscriptions are entitled to vote in the proceedings, that all subscriptions are due as from the 1st of January, and that the same should be sent to the Honorary Treasurer in good time.

In the *Manchester City News* of January 12th "Janus" pens a caustic article on "Shakespeareans at War," in which he says that the Stockport Garrick Society is in the midst of a Shakespearean controversy which seems likely to rock its very foundations. It has all come about through my old friend, Mr. J. M. Robertson, having, in the light of further research into the Elizabethan dramas, seen fit to modify some earlier conclusions he had formed respecting the authorship of the Shakespeare plays. Of course, Mr. Robertson does not pretend to make out any case for the Bacon authorship, but it is all to the good that he associates Marlowe, Kid, and others—on the internal evidence of style—with the authorship of most of the plays, because further disinterested research will be sure to bring out the equally important discovery that Kid, Marlowe, and others were merely hired scribes of Francis Bacon in his great work for the reformation of the drama. We print the letter of "Janus" on another page.

A week later, Mr. Edward Somers, President of the Manchester and Bolton Shakespeare Societies, writes on "No More Bacon" in a lengthy letter, and points out that "it does not appear from Mr. Robertson's studies that Bacon is anywhere a party to the cause. If it were proved that Kyd wrote the whole of *Hamlet*, I do not see how that would help the Baconian case. On the other hand, if the Folio of 1623 contains much spurious matter due to the ignorance or idolatry of Shakespeare's fellow actors, Heminge and Condell, who gathered together what they considered his works, William Shakespeare cannot justly be blamed for that, as he had been dead seven years at the time and could not direct them as to what was really his and what the work of others. Bacon can plead no such excuse. Bacon was alive in 1623 . . . and lived for three years after. If Bacon, with cold deliberation for three years allowed all this stuff to be published and stand as his own sole work, knowing that a portion of it was the work of others, and if he actually caused to be inserted in the volume certain keys and codes and esoteric indications for posterity to discover and so

credit him with the whole production, and if Mr. Robertson can prove that it was not the work of a single hand, then the Baconians go far to justify Pope's description of Bacon as the basest (*sic*) and meanest of mankind. I have too much admiration for Bacon's great work for the Advancement of Science and his *Novum Organum* which is the seed of all modern scientific developments to allow such a libel on Bacon to pass without protest.

'Now, by two-headed Janus
Nature hath fram'd strange fellows in her time.'

Janus must abandon his merry humours and try to rise to the height of this great argument."

Some time ago the *Daily Mail* described how someone breakfasting at a night club said to a waiter in evening dress, "Why is the Bacon so tough?" He saw music being rapidly turned over, and realised he had addressed the conductor of the orchestra, who hurried back to say that they had not got the song but would procure it. Hence the birth of the famous song which arose out of a competition between a dozen well-known lyric writers. There was a full account of this in the *Mail* on November 11th, which printed Mr. Reginald Arkell's original version of the chorus as follows:

"Why is the bacon so tough?
'There's nothing like leather,' they say;
But bacon's the stuff
For your household repairs—
The soles of your boots
And the seats of your chairs.
If only you'd 'Say it with Bacon,'
You'd find it most excellent stuff;
Though skies may be streaky, this slogan obey:
'A rasher a day keeps the cobbler away,'
And Bacon wrote Shakespeare *whatever* they say—
Thank goodness the bacon is tough!"

The "Open Letter" by Mr. C. W. Hopper on another page reveals a sense of humour, unless the writer is serious. We do not pretend to know if his arithmetical conjectures are well-founded or otherwise, but we do think that his calculations are ingenious and arresting, even though they prove to be nothing but co-incidences. That Bacon employed such a method in anonymous contemporary books for purposes of identification is well-nigh certain, as Mr. J. Denham Parsons pointed out some years ago in the *Times Literary Supplement* in connection with the "First Folio" of Shakespeare, and as the brothers Woodward also demonstrated earlier; but what pertinent purpose is to be served to-day by modern authors re-asserting such "identification marks" in the "Agony Columns" of our newspapers is not quite so obvious. We should have thought that the time had now arrived for anyone "in the know" about the Bacon-Shakespeare facts to disclose them to the world, and to abandon the tactics of the pious Englishwoman who slips tracts under your door when no one is looking. On the other hand, it is said that figures can be used to mean anything. The number 103 may equally express "Shakespeare" and "Mark Twain."

H.S.



Some Books on the Bacon-Shakespeare Controversy.

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